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The Fortnightly

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

was founded as an independent review in 1865 by the novelist, Anthony Trollope. Under its great editor, the historian and political philosopher John Morley, it maintained its traditional independence, offering an arena for the discussion of burning questions—political, social, religious and literary. That independence is maintained to-day. The Fortnightly is connected with no other group or publication. It owes allegiance to no single party or political interest. It is edited for those who need to be well informed.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1954

THE LONDON DECISION

OBVIOUSLY the commentators are right. Obviously the outcome of the London conference is an event of major importance in the development of post-war Europe. A step has been taken which had clearly become inevitable: the failure of the European Defence Community to come into existence has administered a shock, under the influence of which a probably better substitute has been evolved. A searching of hearts has been undertaken by the statesmen concerned, and it has appeared that sacrifices could be made which a few weeks earlier appeared impossible. In particular a more sensible attitude has been adopted towards France. Before the London conference that country had been cast for a rôle rather like that of Boule de Suif in de Maupassant's story. She was being asked to submit herself to the German militarist so that the other western powers might be spared his unwelcome attentions. After the National Assembly's refusal to ratify the E.D.C. Treaty concessions were made all round. Dr. Adenauer dropped his petulant smear campaign against M. Mendès-France. What was more important, he made substantial concessions over the manufacture and inspection of Western German arms. Mr. Eden broke with tradition and gave tangible expression to the fact that for defence purposes Great Britain is to-day part of the Continent. The wrench, particularly at the apex of the Cabinet, must have been severe, though one must add that the E.D.C. might be in being to-day if Mr. Eden had conceded at Brussels what he gave in London. Finally M. Mendès-France, if he did nothing else, showed flexibility and good will. All in all we may expect that, if the new system becomes a reality, it may be like a piece of prestressed concrete—all the stronger for the tensions to which it has already been subjected.

As a result of these various adjustments something positive has undoubtedly been achieved. A solution of sorts has been provided for the so-called German problem in its two-fold aspect. There was first the need, as it was felt to be, uncritically perhaps, by those concerned, to add German forces to what is in fact a defensive alliance against Russia, whatever the label which may be affixed to this system. There was secondly the need to ensure that Western Germany would throw in its long-term policy with the west and would not at some later stage revert to the well-tried method of co-operation with Russia. These objects should be promoted under the new system. Moreover there is a chance that if all goes well a similar result may be achieved in France. In the course of the recent debate in the National Assembly people were re-

minded that a treaty with Russia was in existence; and it can be taken as certain that, if ever the danger from beyond the blue line of the Vosges were to become acute, this treaty would cease to be a dead letter. This danger may now have been diminished. And finally we have an assurance from Mr. Dulles that the United States is satisfied. For the time being there is not going to be any agonizing re-appraisal.

Something has been achieved. A milestone has been passed. But it will not do simply to register this fact; we must also ask whither the road is likely to lead. The indications are fairly clear. First, a step has been taken towards the re-unification of Germany. Admittedly we are told that this is to be brought about by peaceful means. And admittedly important interests profess to be opposed to the use of force. This is the position of the Social Democrats, who say they hope that re-unification can be brought about by quiet discussions with Russia. But their attitude is principally inspired, not so much by a genuine pacifism as by a natural reluctance to shoulder the burdens of conscription—a confusion of which their opposite numbers in other countries have been guilty before now. Again, the Free Democrats, the party of big industry, would also like a peaceful unification. But with these people business comes first, and pacifism is a means to an end, and not an unchangeable one. If recent events have proved anything it is that the appeal, emotional as well as economic, of re-unification is so strong that even those (like Dr. Adenauer himself) who wish to hasten slowly are compelled to profess their eagerness. The urge towards re-unification will now grow stronger. And, if the Western German military contribution is really essential, the western powers will be unable to resist this urge for fear that the Federal Republic may blackmail them by threats of withdrawal from the new system. Moreover the western powers have now fallen in with a demand, first formulated by Dr. Adenauer three years ago. They have expressly recognized the West German Government as being the only true German Government.

It is therefore hard to see how any settlement about the re-unification of Germany acceptable to Russia can now be found. The issue has been pre-judged: if Germany is ever to be re-united it must belong to the western camp. Nor can the western powers now abandon this position without being guilty of an inexpedient and dishonourable betrayal. So we must wait and see. As this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY goes to press the news comes in of the successful conclusions of the Paris negotiations. If the agreements are ratified by the countries concerned western Europe will be greatly strengthened and co-existence may become a realistic policy for Russia as well as ourselves.

THE CANON COLLINS CONTROVERSY

I—The South African State

By C. W. M. Gell

TO the various political categories alleged to be active in South Africa a new one has recently been added—" the Collins' ultra-leftists." The phrase itself, at least the " ultra-left " part of it, derives from the leader of a small clique of opportunist Indian merchants, known as the South African Indian Organization, whom Canon Collins met, discerned their temporizing concern with individual vested interests and rightly rejected in favour of the much more representative South African Indian Congress. The stigma of " ultra-leftism " laid upon him by a non-White was gratefully accepted by the Nationalist Afrikaans press, which was able to give it a semblance of verisimilitude not only by showing Canon Collins to have associated with and spoken sympathetically of " named " Communists,* but also by quoting his own remarks that the present danger in South Africa comes not from the insignificant Left but from the persistent attempts by Government, police and press to smear all liberals and other opponents of current race policy as " Communistic ".

Not that the South African outcry against the Canon has had much to do with what he actually said. Most of the noise in the editorial and correspondence columns of the press, as well as from public platforms, has been directed either at what he is (in the eyes of his detractors) or at the impossibility of arriving at a reasonable estimate of complex South African conditions after a visit of only eight weeks. Canon Collins has been called " a scholarly crank " by a cleric with no notable scholarly pretensions of his own, who from his comfortable Cape living has taunted Canon Collins for " preferring the amenities of Amen Court to the difficulties of a missionary life in the *bundu*." He has been accused by a leading Opposition politician who has been making conspicuous efforts to align his party's racial ethic more closely with that of the Nationalists of " loosening the bonds of Commonwealth " and of being an exhibitionist who seeks publicity like a temperamental ballerina and hampers " the real fight against the Nationalists for the maintenance of white civilization with justice to the non-Europeans." He has been called " an incomparable *kafferboetie* " (" friend of the African ", which in a less warped society would be a compliment, not a deadly insult) by

* Much fewer than one-tenth of our 500 " named " Communists and less than a quarter of these who have had their activities or livelihood proscribed—in either case, without trial on the substance of the charge—are, in fact, genuine Communists.

a leading Afrikaans paper; a "slanderer" by another; "an outsider whose liberalism is not even in the kindergarten of realism" by a Methodist minister who seems to oppose theological liberalism on Barthian grounds as vehemently as he dislikes political liberalism for being "too naïve, inept and sociologically stupid," for preaching (as he believes) a social gospel that too readily disintegrates into Godless humanism, and for being impotent before "the stark fact of man's inherent sinfulness"; "a tool of the Communists and symptom of a vicious movement [towards racial equality] that is sweeping the world and deserving only of complete and utter contempt" by a Nationalist politician who solemnly averred that "all the inventions throughout the ages have come from the Europeans"; while such epithets as "prejudiced, bigoted, biased, dogmatic, narrow-minded, pontificating, uninformed tourist" were the regular stock-in-trade of writers to the press. All this vilification and vituperation endorses the comment of a magazine columnist who saw in it "the emotional resentment of a closed society" whom no-one may criticize but whose inhabitants do not hesitate to air their views on racial or territorial affairs in Goa, the Gold Coast, Kenya and the Rhodesias. Personal abuse is a poor subsitute for solid argument and, since most of his critics at the same time emphasized Canon Collins' abysmal ignorance of South African conditions, it is remarkable that they did not expose the factual and other errors in what he actually said.

With regard to the brevity of his visit, it is curious that no-one, before he came, thought to warn the public that, no matter what conclusions he came to, they would be invalidated by his inexperience. It was common knowledge that he was invited out here by a Durban business man in the hope that acquaintance with the country and its peoples would modify views he had publicly expressed in St. Paul's and elsewhere. Mr. Shave offered the Canon's fare "as an opportunity to educate Britain as to the facts of the case." It was agreed that he should "see for himself" and thereafter be free to state his findings.* Does anyone seriously doubt that, if he had recanted, withdrawn the gravamen of his charges and praised various aspects of our racial policies, he would have been congratulated for unusual perceptivity and for the clarity with which he had grasped the essence of our problems in so short a time? But he remained impenitently and even more perceptively critical. And so the weapon we use to ward off unwelcome criticism was launched against him.

But we have used it so often that, by now, its cutting edge is blunt. A South African correspondent doubted if one need eat the whole of a bad egg to know that it was bad. Mr. Victor Gollancz, writing with greater urbanity in *The Times*, questioned if one need live a lifetime beside an open drain to smell its effluvia. A Johannesburg priest cogently argued that those who live in the midst of injustice and benefit from it,

* *The Church Times* commented editorially that Canon Collins' "lightning visit was no doubt intended to disarm his critics." It was, of course, designed by his host to disarm the Canon.

are both too inured to prevalent conditions and too interested a party to recognize evil and raise their voices against it. The small Labour Party weekly added that " to see South Africa without illusions requires intelligence and integrity, not years of residence." Other people recalled the ease with which the editor-in-chief of the largest Swedish daily, whose conclusions were very similar to Canon Collins', disposed of this taunt of ignorance only a few months earlier. Professor Tingsten wrote:

> To understand the racial question is (in White South African eyes) simply to accept the prevailing opinion; all studies which do not lead thither are meaningless or injurious . . . Naturally one who has made a study of the country, albeit from books, knows more about prevailing conditions and policies than most of the inhabitants. But never before have I been conscious of such condescension. Continually I met people who discussed the problems with great confidence but who did not even know the numerous different race groups or the main features of recent legislation. The surprising fact was their lack of first-hand information. They could not speak any African language, they had never seen the shanty-towns where urban Africans live, they never had a conversation with an educated African, Indian or Coloured . . . They see Africans in the street, have them as silent and subservient servants in their homes, manage them on their farms and in their workshops; but they never *converse* with them, as one human being to another. Their opinions are clichés, formed in youth and never put to the test . . . Nowhere outside South Africa have I encountered prejudices as a life-principle, solid, aggressive and taken as a matter of course.

In view of this verdict, can one still dissent from Canon Collins' judgment that " very few Europeans know what it is like to be an African in the present situation "? Nor can this failure of contact by " the man on the spot " be excused on the grounds, argued by Johannesburg's leading English daily, that " it is far harder for the White South African to put himself in the place of his Bantu employees than for the employer in Britain to understand the mentality of his employees, from whom he is separated socially by an equally wide gap." The gaps are not, in fact, comparable at all. The political and social colour bars are absolute and impassable, no matter how a man betters himself or his children. And Canon Collins was not thinking of " the very different ideas, customs, and ideals cherished by the African masses to this day " about which the leader writer's ideas are probably stereotyped; but of the European-imposed or European-condoned conditions of curfews, pass laws, influx and residential control, restrictions on movement and employment, police chivying, official and unofficial discourtesy,* homelessness, squalor, disease, malnutrition, confinement to unskilled labour and its consequent low wages, denial of recognized trade union organization, expropriation of freehold rights and their permanent refusal for the future—conditions under which most urban Africans live to-day. The African, observed Canon Collins quite correctly, no more prefers his low living standard

* This is widespread in shops, post-, municipal- and pass-offices, railway and police stations. An official circular has forbidden Government servants to address non-Whites as Sir or Madam or to observe the usual courtesies at the end of a letter.

than British slum-dwellers preferred their slums. "Being used to it" neither makes it more acceptable nor excuses its continuance. Contradictorily but revealingly, the same Johannesburg newspaper later commented editorially that "all Canon Collins had to say has been better said by those with more knowledge"—the reference being to men like Alan Paton, Leo Marquard and Dr. Edgar Brookes who have lived their lives out here. But if this is so—and Canon Collins himself made no claims to originality about a well-worn topic—why, indeed, all the fuss?

And so we come back from all the froth and fury to what Canon Collins actually said. Here, I think, the sanest comment was made by a Johannesburg political monthly. The dispute between him and South Africa, it said, was not on the facts. Racial discrimination and inequality are admitted. "We say they are necessary and right; Canon Collins that they are unnecessary and wrong. We justify our attitude on practical grounds; he condemns it on moral grounds as a negation of true Christian principles." Reproving those who accused Canon Collins of insincerity or questioned his integrity, *The Forum* was, however, satisfied that "in the light of the practical needs of the European community, Canon Collins' theories are wrong. He fails to adapt his theories to the practical requirements of South Africa's complex race structure. In short, his approach is wrong on realistic as opposed to moral grounds." Yet this same magazine once warmly commended the Torch Commando's rousing slogan: "What is morally wrong can never be politically expedient."* And the phrase "in the light of the practical needs of the European community" reveals the basically one-sided approach of even this liberal-minded periodical to problems which are complex chiefly because they involve the apparently conflicting needs, interests and aspirations of more than one race group. Amid such complexity, the moral approach may be really the most practicable.

What Canon Collins said about Church and State in South Africa was essentially two parts of one whole. Some laymen, of course, questioned his right, as a minister, to speak on civil matters. His host, Mr. Jack Shave, after echoing Mr. Pather's gibe about "ultra-leftists"†, regretted that Canon Collins had become "a politician and not a member of the cloth." Another correspondent demanded that he should stick to the salvation of souls and not meddle in the affairs of a sovereign, independent State. To which a priest made the unanswerable retort that man is body and mind, as well as soul, and Christianity is concerned with the whole man and the entire social order, having the clear

* This in connection with the 1952-53 constitutional crisis which, although ostensibly concerned with the franchise rights of the Coloured community, was really over the balance of power in the Cape between the two main White parties and the validity of the constitutional guarantees as they affected the English-speaking minority of Whites.

† There was this element of truth in it—that, since Mr. Shave had arranged for Canon Collins to meet large numbers of more or less conventional people with more or less conservative views, Canon Collins had to redress the balance himself by seeking interviews with those whose opinions were less than uniformly White-supremacist.

duty to challenge all injustice, oppression, cruelty and whatever hinders the full and free development of human personality. Those who would have the Church stay in the vestry find their allies among slave-owners, exploiters of child labour and other purveyors of man's inhumanity to man. Canon Collins' interest in South Africa is that of one who sincerely believes that racial discrimination is against the will of the God he serves. In many other ways South Africa is neither better nor worse than those who criticize her; but in the fight against racial discrimination historical circumstances "have placed her in the front line." Canon Collins understands and sympathizes with these circumstances and the fear which they have bred among the one-quarter White minority. But he cannot accept them or it as an excuse for present policies. Over and over again correspondents asserted that South Africa could best handle her own problems. In the face of the progressive deterioration of race relations, there is no proof of that. Some have written that primitive African tribalism "had something clean, beautiful and ancient about it," disregarding its manifest evils. Western civilization, too, has its strengths and weaknesses; but the large section of the African community that lives in contact with Europeans has opted for it and will not now—cannot now, since tribalism is everywhere disintegrating under the impact of stronger forces, despite Government efforts to prop it up—be deflected by advice "not to become Black Europeans." Since the superior virtues of "White civilization" are incessantly extolled, it would be strange if Africans made any other decision. Admiration of tribalism (except as a historical phenomenon) is all on the part of Europeans, not Africans.

One Nationalist politician referred to Canon Collins' "sentimentality" with a not uncharacteristic brutality. "We all know what Jim Fish is like. He will work for six months and then leave us in the lurch. He has no idea of responsibility and lives only for the day. We know the Natives. They are quite happy as they are. If they earned more money, they would only waste it on beautiful clothes or hats." No-one —certainly not Canon Collins—will deny that many Africans are still backward and irresponsible and that some are content to remain so. But Major Beyer's remarks only confirm the opinion of an African weekly that many South Africans know less about their country than some foreigners, for he reveals complete ignorance of the large and growing minority of Africans who are fully "civilized" and responsible citizens and who are far from happy the way things are. The main charge against South Africa is not her failure to provide adequate welfare services, education and uplift for her lower classes. All upper class societies throughout the world have fallen short in this respect. But our deliberate blocking of any advance in status or opportunity to Africans emerging from a primitive past into a modern industrial society separates South Africa from the whole of modern world opinion. South Africa is not

merely out of step. She is marching in the wrong direction, treating non-Whites as permanently inferior categories of human beings, subordinating them and depriving them of civil rights throughout most of her land on the specious ground that they have a tiny, fragmented part of the country as " their own homeland " where they can develop " to the fullest extent of which they are capable."

Canon Collins' clear recognition and unequivocal denunciation of this retrogressive trend constituted one main cause of offence. It is hard to say in what proportions the White population is genuinely deluded about the benevolence of its *apartheid* intentions or is merely hypocritical. But neither section cares to be exposed. Nor was it possible for the Canon to study the so-called positive aspects of *apartheid* in the " development of the Native areas " for after six years of Nationalist rule next to nothing has been done there that was not already in train. But a very great deal has been done by new legislation and stricter enforcement of existing discriminatory laws to subordinate and control non-Europeans in the 88 per cent. of the country which constitutes " the White areas ". The results of this process everywhere were forced upon Canon Collins' notice. He found " the ignorant bewildered and the intelligentzia bitter." I know that he is right—no less right because, co-existing with this state of affairs in the urban and industrial areas, there can be found many Africans contented with their master/servant relationship with Whites and others, living comparatively undisturbed, if precarious, lives in the reserves.

The Canon has been accused of having " a mind which is so closed, locked and bolted that no amount of journeying abroad can even open it ajar." To the extent that he adhered to his belief, founded in the Gospel, that discrimination on grounds of race alone is morally wrong, the charge is justified. He saw South Africa " in the climate of a world opinion pledged to racial equality concerning status and opportunities." He has been much criticized for advocating immediate and unqualified equality in all spheres. Actually, for those who take the trouble to read what he said, he was quite explicit about the impracticability of reaching the goal " by a stroke of the pen." What he hoped to see was an approach to responsible African and other non-European leaders, themselves being treated on a basis of social equality, in order that White and non-White might work out together a common policy of gradualness towards the agreed goal of a society free from racial discrimination. Alternatively and inevitably, non-Whites will turn to pure Black nationalism, possibly in alliance with dogmatic Marxism since the South African class and racial divisions so nearly coincide.

This "aggressively liberal " policy, though it sets an objective few White South Africans will yet concede and implies a pace they will find difficult to maintain, does not, as has been so frequently and vehemently alleged, altogether ignore the important, though changeable, differences

in cultural levels. The British-descended correspondent who was acclaimed by the Afrikaans press for arguing that this problem of an advanced minority (not all, in fact, so very advanced) trying to live among a much larger majority only just emerging from barbarism could not be solved "by a few sanctimonious utterances about all men being equal in the sight of God," might ponder the words of a psychiatrist long resident in Kenya. Dr. J. C. Carothers wrote: "If the general White population of this colony cannot practise Christian principles in their dealings with their fellow men, both White and Black, the missionaries might as well pack up their bags and go." And *The Economist* added that conduct of this high standard is the price men must pay for living agreeably and profitably in a multi-racial society—that price, or terrorism or some other form of active or passive non-co-operation on the part of a hostile and frustrated majority of non-Whites. The political implication of this attitude is the gradual extension of rights to non-Whites. Of course, this involves the risk that White legislators will be swamped by Black ones and that the latter will use their numerical strength for the same sort of uni-racial ends as the Whites to-day use their physical power and electoral privileges. The alternative, however, is certain disaster. And the longer the risk is delayed, the greater it becomes and the unlikelier the success of the liberal solution.

What possibly offended Canon Collins most—and what certainly offended his White audience's conventions when he told it so—was the doctrine of human segregation which reduced contact between the races to a minimum, so cutting each off from a knowledge of their interdependence, mutual problems and various aspirations. To the Canon, as to all Christians, contact is one of the essentials of all human relationships. "Without love the people perish." Who can love what they do not know and never meet? In the improbable event of closer contact leading to "a coffee-coloured race"* who should care if it was by mutual consent, the free decision of free people? The forces of physical and cultural dissimilarity discourage mixed marriages. But Christians cannot accept their legal prohibition. In making this point, Canon Collins, like the Anglican and Roman Catholic bishops before him, touched the very essence of White racial emotionalism. For to question the evil of miscegenation rocks the foundations of the dogma of White superiority and Black inferiority.

Finally, he put himself beyond the pale of conventional White society by identifying himself whole-heartedly with the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress as the representative institutions of politically articulate non-Whites in the struggle for equal status. It is an article of faith among Whites that these bodies are dan-

* Before the Mixed Marriages Act prohibited them, inter-racial marriages accounted for 0.13 per cent. of South Africa's registered marriages. Of this infinitesimal fraction, over 90 per cent. were between so-called Europeans and so-called Coloureds (half-castes) in the twilight zone where physical differences are imperceptible.

gerously radical and actively subversive. Large numbers of their leaders have been banned and proscribed as "Communists". The Congresses are not perfect—Canon Collins never pretended that they were and he openly criticized a suspicion of the racialist contagion which he found among some of their adherents—but they do stand for liberal goals and liberal policies.* They ask for all races what Whites have long claimed for themselves exclusively. Their demand is not yet "Africa for the Africans", though that could come if more reasonable requests are inexorably refused. Not only did Canon Collins pledge himself to their cause; he rightly praised their patience, good humour, courage and courtesy and their dedication to non-violence. It is contended against him that, in fact, the Congresses were responsible for the riots in October and November 1952. But there is just no evidence for this and much against it. The Government refused a judicial commission of inquiry and, wherever riots occurred, later reports conclusively revealed an important element of police provocation or administrative clumsiness. Certainly there was tension as a result of the notably pacific and orderly Defiance Campaign—or, more properly, because of the conditions which had led to passive resistance—and things were done on both sides during and after the riots of which neither White nor Black should be proud. But such violence will recur, as the Canon noted, if the only answer to the growing resentment of the non-Europeans is more severely repressive legislation, more truculent and aggressive police patrolling, more bans and proscriptions.† There is too much being said and done to-day which seems to justify Canon Collins' allegation that South Africa is a police State and that the Government would not be averse to impatience on the part of non-Europeans which might give them the excuse to crush the liberatory movements by force. The best that can be said for this sort of barren self-preservation by the Whites is the private admission of a prominent Nationalist: "All we can hope to do is to stave them off, stave them off for as long as possible."

And so, counselling love and non-violence, Canon Collins expressed his complete assurance that the Africans must win their freedom "for neither a fool nor a bully can for ever defeat wisdom and patient determination," backed by the goodwill of the rest of the world. This confidence in the non-White cause is the obverse of the White man's fear that time and numbers must conspire to annihilate him. The possibility of the European minority having a creative rôle to play in a multi-racial society is simply set aside as fantastic—as fantastic to the South African White to-day, as his own blindness about the indefensibility of his position is to all thoughtful outsiders. A British-descended critic of Canon Collins exhorted us to "hold fast to that which thou hast, lest another man take thy Crown." The most strident of the Afrikaans

* This may not always be so, if the present policy of banning all responsible leaders allows the Congresses to fall under irresponsible and hot-headed control.

† Many of the Congress leaders were under ban when the riots occurred. Some of the restrictions had subsequently to be lifted to enable them to pacify their people.

dailies, stressing the life-and-death nature of the struggle, saw in the Canon a symbol of that world opinion which condemns all Whites and of "the important section of British opinion which is one of the greatest spoilers of barbarians and bunglers of permanent White settlement in Africa." A more perceptive Afrikaans daily acknowledged that, even if world opinion was completely informed about South Africa, it would remain hostile because the great majority of mankind considers enforced racial discrimination immoral. The paper added: "If racial integration came, there would be peace and quietness in South Africa, the stillness of the White man's grave." This is the ultimate, and for the present inescapable, conviction of most South African Whites, that the survival of Christianity and civilization on this dark continent depends on the indefinite retention of their exclusive power and privileges. As Canon Collins said, either their fear of their non-White fellow men must be exorcized or the machine guns will have to be brought out.

This fear of racial extinction is based on a fundamental, if often unconscious, refusal to admit the evolutionary potential of non-Whites. In it is epitomized the psychological arrogance implied by a rigid belief in White superiority and non-White inferiority which turns all the benefits of White rule and resource sour in the humiliation of the spurned and rejected, converts gratitude to wrath when all claims to advancing status are denied. At the bottom of all the African ferment is this deep insult to the humanity of large groups of men subjected to continuous prohibitions and pinpricks, none the less galling for being often unintended. This is what strikes iron in the soul and for which no welfare and educational services, no development or assistance—even if we gave more nearly in proportion to our means, as the only wealthy industrial State in Africa—can ever compensate. If this superiority complex of the White peoples in Africa could only be eradicated, many of the continent's human problems would become soluble, where at present hope is dim indeed. The greatest sinner in this respect is White South Africa, the repercussions of whose racial attitudes bedevil race relations everywhere and will one day threaten the peace of the world. In saying this, Canon Collins said no more than the truth. For South Africa, with three-quarters of Africa's permanent White residents, is the touchstone of White good faith and the test-bench of the future. If White and Black cannot learn to live together there in peace and mutual respect, European evacuation of Africa is only a question of time. From such an event there would be profit neither for White nor Black.

(The author, a South African by adoption, has known Canon Collins since 1938 *and they spent a week-end together during the latter's recent visit to South Africa. The second part of Mr. Gell's article "The South African Church" will be published in the December number of* THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

PEACE IN THE ADRIATIC

By K. M. Smogorzewski

THE happy settlement of the Trieste dispute is an event of great importance. It is infinitely more than a solution of a local boundary quarrel between two neighbouring States. It appears as the end of half a century of mostly ill-advised Italian policy in the Balkans in general and towards the Yugoslavs in particular. It can be envisaged as a new era of collaboration and perhaps even of alliance profitable not only for the two directly interested powers but also for Europe as well.

Both Italy and Yugoslavia achieved their national unity, historically speaking, quite recently. Italy became united in 1870 and Yugoslavia in 1918. Although before 1914 Italy was an ally of Austria-Hungary and Germany, the Italian people never forgot that Trieste and Trentino, both then Austrian possessions, were " unredeemed territories ". Germany and Austria-Hungary started the 1914-1918 war by aggression against Serbia and Italy was saved from its obligation of attacking France. As such aggression could hardly be described as " defensive ", the *casus foederis* did not exist. When each warring side tried to win the neutral Italy over, Baron Sidney Sonnino, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, saw a chance of achieving the unification of all Italian-speaking lands. On January 1, 1915, he suggested in Vienna and Berlin that the central powers should accept a revision of the Austro-Italian frontier in favour of Italy. But the Vienna Government would agree only to the cession of Trentino. Sonnino therefore, on May 3, informed Vienna and Berlin that Italy was resuming complete liberty of action. In fact, Sonnino had already resumed that liberty with the signing of the Treaty of London with the Entente powers on April 26, 1915. Under that treaty Italy obtained the agreement of Great Britain, France and Russia to a frontier far beyond the *Trieste e Trentino* claim. In Tirol Italy received the Brenner Pass and in Yugoslav lands Gorizia (Gorica), the whole of Istria and northern Dalmatia as far as Zara (Zadar), though without Fiume (Rijeka). The new frontier gave Italy about 250,000 Austrian Germans and about 750,000 Slovenes and Croats.

Marchese di San Giuliano, Sonnino's predecessor, understood that in a war against Austria-Hungary the disintegrating force of nationalities must have a supreme influence on its outcome. Unfortunately, San Giuliano died on October 16, 1914. Sonnino, an obstinate and unimag-

inative man, never suspected—as Count Carlo Sforza once put it—that "the war was purely and simply the War of Austrian Succession." Sonnino was supported by the Nationalists and they, too, did not see that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was doomed because it was organically unable to transform itself into a genuine multi-national federal State, because by entering the war as Germany's tool it had sentenced itself to disruption. Instead of lending a helping hand to a new Yugoslavia whose advocates and founders spontaneously recognized that "in the case of Italy and Yugoslavia a sharply drawn ethnographic frontier was unthinkable" (as Nikola Pasic, the Serbian premier, told Sonnino on September 10, 1917), the Consulta continued to believe in the possibility of a fairly strong Austro-Hungarian monarchy and were hoping that, deprived of Trieste, it would be satisfied with access to the sea at Fiume. The Italian Nationalists believed themselves far-sighted statesmen because against a possibly hostile Austria-Hungary they would possess a "strategic" frontier in Dalmatia. But, as Marshal Diaz told Sforza, had Italy obtained Dalmatia the latter would have to be evacuated at the first sign of war. That was common sense. If you fear your neighbour across the street you do not ensure your security by putting a sentinel on his balcony.

Although at the time of the Paris Peace Conference Austria-Hungary ceased to exist, being replaced by a series of national States, Sonnino kept insisting on the strict execution of the London treaty's territorial promises. The only change he introduced was a demand now for Fiume too, in the name not of strategy but of the principle of self-determination. President Wilson, who was not bound by the London treaty, insisted on more justice in drawing the Italo-Yugoslav frontier and suggested a line cutting Istria in two, that is, leaving to Italy not only Gorizia and Trieste, but also all the small Istrian towns, including Pola; all Dalmatia, with Fiume, was left to Yugoslavia. Despite this favourable proposal a long and dramatic crisis followed of which the seizure of Fiume by Gabriele D'Annunzio (September 12, 1919) was the farcical climax.

The frontier between Italy and Yugoslavia was drawn by direct negotiations between Pasic, now the Yugoslav premier, and Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister in the Giolitti Government, and fixed by the Treaty of Rapallo of November 12, 1920. By this treaty all Dalmatia, except the enclave of Zara and island of Lagosta (Lastovo), was returned to Yugoslavia; in Istria, however, the Italians were given a frontier more favourable than the one promised under the London treaty; Fiume became a free State with an Italo-Fiuman-Yugoslav consortium for the port. The last-named solution was too artificial to work smoothly, especially when Italy under Mussolini evolved a new "imperial" policy and started looking towards the Balkans as a sort of "natural" area for expansion. Pasic, who was still in power in Belgrade, cautiously avoided conflict and on January 27, 1924, signed in Rome a new treaty incorporating Fiume

with Italy.

The new Italian province bounded by the 1914 and 1920 frontiers was given the name of Venezia Giulia. It covered an area of 3861 square miles and, according to the Italian census of 1936, had a population of 1,024,000, of whom only 377,000 were Slovenes or Croats. As Professor Gaetano Salvemini put it, the Italians themselves did not believe in these figures. According to Salvemini, Italy annexed more than half a million Yugoslavs in Venezia Giulia. Similarly, Yugoslav sources put the figure at 538,000 Slovenes and Croats in that province. In addition Italy had some 47,000 Slovenes living in the area north-east of Udine. This territory had belonged to Italy since 1866 and was known before 1914 as " Slavia Italiana ".

As Italy was unable to sustain the traffic of the ports of Trieste and Fiume, the volume of trade handled by Trieste was reduced to one-third of that of 1913; it dropped from 6.2 million metric tons to two million tons in 1938. The traffic handled by Fiume fell in the same period from 2.1 million tons to 770,000 tons. But Italy inherited the already flourishing shipbuilding industries of Trieste and Monfalcone, steel mills, oil refineries and an important insurance business. All this was not only maintained but also, with Government subsidies, even developed, the industrialization of Trieste being the only way to keep the Italian population of the city employed and satisfied.

The fate of 538,000 Yugoslavs of Venezia Giulia during the Italian domination was certainly hard. Italy did not assume any international obligations towards its national minorities. Yet, to reassure the Yugoslavs, King Victor Emmanuel III and Tommaso Tittoni, the Foreign Minister in the Nitti Government, gave solemn pledges to respect the national rights of the Croats and Slovenes in Italy. These pledges were not kept. Fascist Italy carried on a systematic policy of denationalization. By 1929 not one Croat or Slovene school or newspaper remained. Moreover, between 1919 and 1939 more than 80,000 Croats and Slovenes from Italy were forced to take refuge in Yugoslavia.

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During the 1939-1945 war Mussolini, who so inadvertently attached his and Italy's fortunes to those of Hitler and Nazi Germany, started to apply in the Balkans his idea of " balcony " strategy. Having already in April 1939 included Albania in the Italian empire, he undertook from there (October 28, 1940) the conquest of Greece and was saved from disaster only by the German aggression on Yugoslavia (April 6, 1941). The last-named country was temporarily dismembered by the dictators. By a treaty signed in Berlin on July 7, 1941, Italy was rewarded with a quarter of Slovenia, including the city of Ljubljana. The frontier agreement between Italy and Croatia was signed in Rome on May 18, 1941, by Mussolini and his puppet Ante Pavelic. Croatia ceded to Italy

most of the Adriatic islands, with the exception of Pag, Brac and Hvar, the Adriatic coast between the Bay of Obrovac and a point south of Split, and the region near the Bay of Kotor. In addition, Montenegro came under Italian occupation and on July 12, 1941, was proclaimed " independent ".

This carving up did not last long. On July 25, 1943, Mussolini was overthrown by King Victor Emmanuel and the army headed by Marshal Pietro Badoglio; on September 3 an armistice with the Allies was signed at Syracuse. As soon as this was revealed the Germans occupied Trieste and Fiume, not hiding their intention to keep these two ports as the southern outlets to the sea of the *Grossdeutsches Reich*, while Pavelic was allowed to annex to Croatia the Italian-occupied part of Dalmatia.

In the meantime, however, new political and military forces were growing inside Yugoslavia, namely, the partisan movement headed by Marshal Josip Broz-Tito. These were the forces which in 1944 and 1945 liberated Dalmatia and Istria and on May 1, 1945, entered Trieste. This was formally contrary to an agreement reached in February 1945 in Belgrade between Marshal Tito and Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, commander-in-chief of the Allied forces, Mediterranean, that without prejudice to the Yugoslav claim to Venezia Giulia this province should come under an Allied military government. On May 8 Field-Marshal Alexander sent his chief of staff, Lieutenant-General W. D. Morgan, to Belgrade to reach an agreement as to the boundaries of the area to be controlled by a British-U.S. military administration. Such an agreement was signed on June 9, 1945, between the Governments of Great Britain, the United States and Yugoslavia determining the so-called Morgan Line, which later became the boundary of Zone A of the Free Territory of Trieste. On June 12 the Yugoslav forces left Trieste and their departure, it must be recognized, was the cause of great rejoicing by the Italian population of the city. However, the rest of the formerly Italian province of Venezia Giulia, except the port of Pola*, was left under Yugoslav occupation.

The Peace treaty with Italy was signed in Paris on February 10, 1947. With the exception of the areas Cervignano-Monfalcone on the Adriatic and Pontebba-Tarvisio in the Carnic Alps, Italy returned to the 1866 frontier. In addition a Free Territory of Trieste was created. It was to be a small independent State between Italy and Yugoslavia, demilitarized and neutral, whose integrity and independence were to be guaranteed by the Security Council of the United Nations. A governor of the F.T.T., who must not be an Italian or Yugoslav citizen, was to be appointed by the Security Council; four months after assumption of office the governor was to organize free election to a Constituent Assembly which was to adopt the constitution of the F.T.T. by a two-thirds

* Pola (Pula) was under British occupation until 1947 when, after the ratification of the Paris peace treaty, it was handed over to Yugoslavia.

majority; the council of government was to be formed by, and responsible to, the Assembly. Temporarily the F.T.T. was divided into two zones: 5000 British and 5000 U.S. troops held Zone A, from Duino to Muggia with the city of Trieste, while 5000 Yugoslav troops were in occupation of Zone B from a point southwest of Muggia to Cittanova (Novigrad). The foreign soldiers were to remain at the disposal of the governor for 90 days after he had assumed office and be withdrawn from the F.T.T. within a further period of 45 days unless advised otherwise.

Count Sforza, back in power after almost a quarter of a century in exile, as the Foreign Minister in the Government presided over by Alcide De Gasperi, on February 10, 1947, sent a note of protest to all the Governments of the countries signing the peace treaty in which he stated:

> Although we acknowledge our past mistakes, the expiation of the people of Italy has been so hard up to the signing of this treaty that we feel we have the right, as Italians and citizens of the world, to expect a radical revision in the future of such points as are bound to paralyse or to poison the life of a country in which 45 million human beings are crowded into a territory that cannot feed them.

However justified this protest might be, one thing is certain: a territorial expansion in the Balkans is no solution of Italy's needs. But a revision of the unworkable statute of the F.T.T. was easy to foresee, especially by observers of the international scene who studied the example of the Free City of Danzig. A simple frontier, when agreed upon between the countries directly interested, is always better than such artificial contructions as free territories, free cities or condominia. The deadlock in Trieste started with the appointment of the governor. The Security Council could not agree on a name. For instance, in January 1948 Great Britain suggested the name of Herr Hermann Flückiger, a Swiss diplomat, but he was rejected by the Soviet Union.

On March 20, 1948, the Governments of Great Britain, the United States and France proposed the early negotiation of a protocol to the peace treaty to provide for the return of the whole F.T.T. to Italy. Sforza expressed great satisfaction with the announcement and added that it would have a " tremendous effect " on the Italian elections scheduled for April 18. It probably had, for the Christian Democrats won 303 seats out of a total of 552, but the problem of Trieste remained unsolved because both the Soviet and the Yugoslav Governments rejected the tripartite proposal.

On June 28, 1948, an event of great importance took place: Moscow published a statement denouncing Marshal Tito's " hateful policy in relation to the U.S.S.R." He, of course, was simply defending the independence of his country against Soviet exploitation. " Even though we love the U.S.S.R. we cannot love our country less," wrote he to Stalin on April 13, 1948. The Soviet-Yugoslav alliance was denounced and five satellite governments were ordered to do the same. The whole Soviet *bloc* started a policy of economic boycott of Yugoslavia which greatly complicated its economic planning. Fearing an Italo-Yugoslav

agreement, the Soviet Government changed its tactics and in February 1949 proposed that the Security Council should nominate Herr Flückiger, but this time the British, U.S. and French Governments were not interested. In April 1950 Marshal Tito hinted at a previous proposal that the city of Trieste should go to Italy while the Slovene-populated Gorizia, and the Slovene villages of Zone A, would return to Yugoslavia. This suggestion was rejected by Italy who stood by the western powers' declaration of March 20, 1948.

The moment, however, was favourable for a direct Italo-Yugoslav negotiation, but Sforza had no power to conduct it and De Gasperi had no courage to authorize it. In 1848 Cavour spoke of the Yugoslavs as " a numerous, hardy and brave race which has been tried and tested for several centuries." Sonnino missed an opportunity to reach an agreement with them, but he was no Cavour—any more than was De Gasperi. Although in March 1951 Marshal Tito made a public pronouncement in favour of a direct negotiation between Yugoslavia and Italy to solve the problem of Trieste, Rome remained inactive. In February 1952 he suggested a Yugoslav-Italian condominium under which there should be alternate Yugoslav and Italian governors of the whole F.T.T., each holding office for three years; an Italian governor would have a Yugoslav deputy and *vice versa*. At that time Sforza was no longer Foreign Minister and De Gasperi rejected the proposal. In September Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, arrived in Belgrade for an official visit during which the Trieste problem was discussed. Marshal Tito insisted on the necessity for an agreed solution and was said to have stated that Yugoslavia would not start a war for Trieste.

At the beginning of 1953 he expressed the wish to meet De Gasperi to discuss the problem of Trieste, but the Italian premier dodged the idea, probably because he felt unable to renounce the tripartite promise before the Italian elections of June 7. One of the results of these elections was that the Christian Democrats won only 262 seats out of a total of 590. De Gasperi lost a vote of confidence in the new Chamber of Deputies (July 28) and was succeeded by Signor Giuseppe Pella (August 17), a right-wing Christian Democrat who made a point of gaining the support of the Monarchists. Shortly afterwards, under the pretext of an imminent annexation of Zone B by Yugoslavia, Sr. Pella moved a few divisions to the Yugoslav frontier. On September 6, speaking at Okroglica, in Slovenia, Marshal Tito refused to take the Italian troop movement seriously and proposed that the problem of Trieste be solved by making the city an international free port and incorporating the rest of the F.T.T. with Yugoslavia. A week later Sr. Pella asked for a five-power conference (France, Great Britain, the United States, Italy and Yugoslavia) to organize a plebiscite throughout the F.T.T. This suggestion was rejected by the Belgrade Government on the ground that the Fascist régime had denationalized a large proportion of the Slovene population formerly

subject to it.

* * *

In this situation the U.S. and British Governments published on October 8, 1953, a declaration that they had decided to hand over Zone A to Italy and withdraw their troops as soon as possible. This caused a violent wave of protests throughout Yugoslavia. Marshal Tito, too, now ordered his troops to the frontier and in a speech at Leskovac, Serbia, declared (October 10) that Yugoslavia would regard the entry of Italian troops into Zone A as an act of aggression. A week later he described the decision of October 8 as a blow which had struck like lightning out of a clear sky.

It should be remembered that in March he had paid an official visit to London and had had discussions with Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden. No doubt he again insisted on the necessity of solving the Trieste problem, adding that unilateral action on the part of Yugoslavia was out of the question. He expected, of course, a decision which would be previously discussed with him and accepted by him. In 1948 he took an enormous risk by breaking with the U.S.S.R. because he wanted to keep his country independent. He could not accept an imposed solution of the Trieste problem without losing face among his own supporters in Yugoslavia. Furthermore Marshal Tito never lost hope that if Yugoslavia succeeded in maintaining its political régime and independence it could eventually exercise an influence on other European satellite states, certainly not at ease under Soviet domination.

No doubt the intentions of both the London and the Washington Governments were best, but the " calculated risk " they took in announcing their decision, when the Pattons of the Italian armoured divisions were approaching the Yugoslav frontier, could be misunderstood in Belgrade and taken as the sign of a fundamental change of policy. For a while in Belgrade there was a fear that Yugoslav friendship had been renounced and that the new Italian army was considered sufficient to keep watch on the Ljubljana Gap. Seen in this light the manner of preparing and publishing the decision of October 8 was no doubt an error and it had to fail.

In November 1953 the Yugoslavs proposed a five-power conference of technical experts to prepare a negotiated solution, but the Italians were not willing to concur. A *détente* was achieved when, in a speech at Jajce, on November 29, Marshal Tito proposed that both sides should withdraw their troops simultaneously from the frontier. The Italians agreed and by the end of December the troops were withdrawn. On January 5, 1954, Sr. Pella resigned. After a short-lived Fanfani Government, Signor Mario Scelba assumed power on February 10, an occurrence which, it became clear later, was helpful indeed.

The Governments of London and Washington now decided to negoti-

ate a solution with the two powers directly interested. The first phase of this negotiation started in London in February with the Yugoslav ambassador, Dr. Vladimir Velebit, and was finished by the end of May. Then the two chief negotiators, Mr. Geoffrey Harrison, assistant permanent under-secretary in the Foreign Office, and Mr. Llewellyn E. Thompson, the U.S. high commissioner in Austria, whom Mr. John Foster Dulles put in charge, started a new series of *sondages* with Signor Manlio Brosio, the Italian ambassador. By the end of August the delicate negotiation had been successfully concluded and in September Mr. Robert D. Murphy, the U.S. deputy under-secretary of State, during his visits to Belgrade and Rome, composed the remaining differences.

The agreement was initialled in London on October 5 by its four negotiators. It provided for the partition of the F.T.T. between Italy and Yugoslavia as was originally planned by the British and the U.S. Governments, Zone A returning to Italy and Zone B becoming an integral part of Yugoslavia, with a small addition in its favour. Between the Adriatic and the village of Prebenicco (Prebenek), a distance of some 7.5 miles, the demarcation line was moved northwards by about a mile and a few villages, of which the most important were Hrvatini (Crevatini), Skofije (Albaro Vescova) and Plavlje (Plava Montedoro), passed to Yugoslavia. The new frontier was moved from the southern slope of a ridge to its crest. In all, Italy received 91.6 square miles with a population of about 310,000, including 63,000 Slovenes while the Yugoslav part covered an area of 201.4 square miles with a population estimated at 73,000, including 30,000 Italians*.

The Italian and Yugoslav Governments agreed to a special statute regulating the rights of national minorities left on both sides of the demarcation line of the former F.T.T. A detailed agreement on the protection of minorities was to be concluded within a period of six months.

The Italian Government undertook to maintain the free port of Trieste in general accordance with the provisions of the Italian peace treaty. In this connection the Italian Government invited the Yugoslav Government to take part at an early date, with the other Governments concerned, in a conference to work out how the port of Trieste could best be used for international trade.

Finally, although neither Italy nor Yugoslavia considered the London agreement as anything other than "provisional", the Governments of Great Britain, the United States and France issued declarations emphasizing that they would "give no support to claims of either Yugoslavia or Italy to territory under the sovereignty or administration of the other." For all practical purposes, therefore, the territorial settle-

* If none of the Italian population in the territories which, according to the peace treaty of 1947 and the Trieste agreement, were transferred to Yugoslavia, had left for Italy, the Italian minority in Yugoslavia would amount to some 250,000. Many, however, had left even before the signature of the peace treaty. According to the Yugoslav census of 1948 there were 79,537 Italians in Yugoslavia, but this figure did not include the Italians of Zone B. It is not known how many of the 30,000 Italians of that Zone would choose to remain.

ment between Italy and Yugoslavia must be regarded as final. The Soviet Government, which for years tried to keep this issue open, was quick to realize this and Mr. Andrey Vyshinsky, the permanent Soviet delegate to the Security Council, was told to express their satisfaction. In a letter of October 13, addressed to the president of the Security Council, Mr. Vyshinsky said that his Government " took cognizance " of the agreement signed in London which would " promote the establishment of normal relations between Italy and Yugoslavia and thus contribute towards a relaxation of tension in that part of Europe."

The settlement of the Trieste affair was possible because both Marshal Tito and Signor Scelba showed their readiness to make the necessary sacrifices in order to render co-operation between their countries possible. The famous Ljubljana Gap, until recently so disturbing for the SACEUR (Supreme Allied Commander, Europe), can be considered as closed and hopes are now permitted that in a not too distant future a direct contact between the general staffs of Italy and Yugoslavia may be established. With their complementary economies the two countries are favourably situated to develop a collaboration profitable for both. In 1934, before sanctions were applied to Italy in connection with its aggression against Ethiopia, Italy was the largest source of Yugoslav imports (15 per cent.) and the most important destination of Yugoslav exports (20 per cent.). In 1952, despite the tension created by the Trieste dispute, Italy still occupied the third place as source of Yugoslav imports (eight per cent.) and the fourth as destination of Yugoslav exports (13 per cent.). To improve mutual trade relations should not, therefore, be difficult. Most important, however is the creation of a climate of confidence between the two countries and that cannot be achieved overnight.

POST-WAR GERMAN HISTORIOGRAPHY

By Martin Braun

"ONE does not do the same twice in one century. I was compelled to tame Europe by force of arms; to-day one must convince her." Thus Napoleon admonished his son in the political testament he dictated on his death-bed. Hitler, like so many Germans an ardent admirer of the Emperor, did not take this good advice; instead —not within a century but within 25 years—he re-kindled a conflagration which was to reduce Germany to ruins. How can we explain this criminal folly?

One potent and, psychologically perhaps, decisive factor suggests itself at once: the obsession of German nationalism with the Fatherland's historic destiny; the dread that its very existence was at stake and that time was running out fast; the compelling conviction that Germany had to hurry up; that this was her last chance to change radically the map of the world and to undo the consequences of European history which had so outrageously favoured the western nations to the detriment of the Germans, who, now or never, had to break out of the encirclement and win the wide spaces, the *Lebensraum*, in the east and overseas, denied them by hostile powers. It was a complex deep-rooted in the German tradition which re-asserted itself, an historical perspective dating back to Wilhelminian times, if not further, but now charged with an emotionalism hitherto unknown. If, as Benedetto Croce affirms, man's ideas on history are the wellspring of his action, then the decisions taken by Hitler in 1939 flowed almost inevitably from the derangement of his historical thinking, from the twisted attitude towards history which he had in common with countless of his fellow-Germans.

And which rôle did the German historians play between the two wars? Did they endeavour to curb the excesses of German nationalism? Did they echo the advice Napoleon gave to his son? Did they grasp the great opportunity history had granted to the German people through the Weimar Republic? Did they rally to its moral support? They did not; instead, most of them (there was a small democratic *élite*) added fuel to the nationalist flames by encouraging the stab-in-the-back legend and attacking the Versailles *Diktat* in general and its thesis of German war guilt in particular. By 1939 these historians found themselves on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, they were repelled by the coarseness of the Nazi manners and outlook; moreover, they felt appre-

hensive about the final results of Hitler's unorthodox methods in foreign and military affairs. On the other hand, they could not help but applaud his tearing up the Versailles Treaty and establishing Germany as the dominant power in Central Europe. Like other Germans of right-wing sympathies, some of these historians gained the moral strength and inner freedom to oppose the Nazi régime only after the disaster of Stalingrad.

Has the shock-treatment of a second catastrophe of infinitely greater dimensions effected a change of mind, if not of heart, in Germany? He would be a bold man who attempted to dogmatize on an issue which still is in the lap of the gods. Yet it would seem that the prospects of a reintegration of Germany in the family of European nations are this time much brighter than after the 1914-1918 war. There can be no doubt that in the German welter of emotions and attitudes revulsion from war and aggressive nationalism is as prominent a feature as the longing for re-admittance into the comity of the free nations of Europe. "Europe" means for countless Germans a genuine ideal for which to live rather than—as some critics outside Germany suspect—a strategem for achieving that supremacy which eluded them in war. True, there are still sinister forces at work, diehard nationalists, ready to ally themselves, if need be, with the devil; and the tug-of-war between east and west, with both sides appealing to German nationalist sentiment, is hardly conducive to a lowering of the emotional temperature. Nevertheless, the over-all picture is such as to warrant the expectation that the greater part of Germany—that is the Federal Republic—will continue to develop on democratic lines.

Not the least potent reason for cautious optimism is the changed attitude of the German historians. An English historian, Professor Barraclough, who is himself a great authority on Germany history, recently spoke of "a revolutionary change in the attitude of German historians." This may seem somewhat exaggerated, but the change is very striking indeed, especially when we recall their unco-operative, nay, hostile attitude in the years following the November Revolution of 1918. Then they defiantly refused to accept the verdict of history; to their mind, history had once more wronged the German people. Now the mental climate is different. Militant nationalism has lost its magic and its hold on the historian's mind. To be sure, most German historians are conservative traditionalists. But the cocksure, aggressive and often arrogant type has gone out of fashion. Liberal open-mindedness, once derided as weakness or fraud, now ranks as a virtue. A critical frame of mind predominates, and the critical faculty is given free rein to scrutinize the whole course of German history. Naturally, these historians are still strongly biased in favour of traditional German values and ideals, and only too often a valiant attempt at national self-criticism ends up with a national apologia. The writings of the distinguished historian Gerhard Ritter offer the best illustration of this attitude. Yet it means

a tremendous advance upon the pre-war mentality. For all these historians have become or want to be " good Europeans ". They acknowledge the German estrangement from Europe—what Croce called " the spiritual dissension between Germany and Europe "—as the root-cause of all the misery of recent European history. Moreover, the biggest stumbling-block in their path to a European consciousness has been removed by the march of events: the German nation-State is dead, and no bestowal of sovereignty will turn the Federal Republic into a nation-State on the prewar pattern, a power-organism and master of its own destiny. As Alfred Weber put it as early as 1946: " Even if Germany is eventually drawn into the circle of normal foreign relations once more, she will no longer belong to the decisive great powers of the world . . . she will never again become a sovereign, autonomous, competitive Power State in the earlier sense. Her existence in this sense is over and done with. That is the farewell we have to take from history as we have known it." Alfred Weber, this staunch anti-Nazi and refreshingly radical thinker, has little in common with historians of the conservative-traditionalist type, but the title of his book *Abschied von der bisherigen Geschichte*, that is: " Farewell to European History as we have known it up to World War II " expresses well a universal sentiment amongst German historians.

To this slogan must be added another one: Farewell to German historiography as we have hitherto known it, to a historiography which centred round the nation-State and tended to cultivate political history to the exclusion or neglect of the supra-national or non-political aspects. The need for a thorough re-orientation and the re-writing of history is widely recognized in Germany. Yet the traditionalists, still wearing their Prussian blinkers, do not seem to be qualified for this task, which above all requires two things: a critical conscience so exacting that it will readily sacrifice the most cherished beliefs, and a spontaneous sense of human sympathy and solidarity, supported by a supra-national scale of values. In both respects the traditionalists appear to be wanting.

If we wish to meet representatives of German historiography more qualified to undertake this task, we must turn to a recent Anglo-American publication entitled *German History. Some New German Views.** The book offers an anthology of essays written since the war by German historians and published in various German periodicals. All reason to be grateful to the editor, Professor Hans Kohn, for having assembled and made available in an English translation writings of absorbing interest, writings which otherwise would be almost inaccessible. They form a cross-section representative of what might be described as the revisionist school of contemporary German historians. Being the vanguard of German historical thought, they act like a leaven on the parochialism of the conventional outlook. Thus their influence is con-

* George Allen & Unwin. 18s.

siderable despite their small number. Until his recent death Friedrich Meinecke was their main source of guidance and inspiration. Now Professor Franz Schnabel may be regarded as the most distinguished member of the circle. His appeal to academic youth is such that the largest auditorium of Munich University cannot hold all those eager to attend his lectures.

I would attempt the impossible if I tried to summarize the essays edited by Professor Kohn packed as they are with ideas and problems. To discuss the articles from the pen of the three most outstanding contributors would alone by far exceed the space at my disposal; I refer to the articles by Franz Schnabel on the re-interpretation of Bismarck's rôle in German and European history, by Ludwig Dehio on " Germany and the Epoch of World Wars ", and by Friedrich Meinecke on the divergencies in thought and sentiment between Ranke and Burckhardt. Not that I wish to imply that the other essays are less significant or thought-provoking. On the contrary, I am inclined to assign to Professor von Rantzau's courageous and forthright criticism of the traditionalist position as exemplified by Professor Gerhard Ritter a special place of honour, with Dr. Walter Hofer's article on dogmatic fixations in conventional German historiography as a close runner-up. However, I must concentrate on one main theme which runs through all these essays.

Imperialism, militarism and—behind both—the dynamics of nationalism form an unholy trinity characteristic not of any single nation but of a whole era of European history. Why, then, did these tendencies assume such terrifying proportions and vicious forms in Germany? Does the Nazi régime constitute only an unhappy episode in German history for which the German people is less responsible than the intrusion of outside forces and influences? Was it only a " tragic accident "? Or were there forces at work in German history and in the very fabric of German society which had been all along building up for this climax? Though the answers given in these essays vary in emphasis and qualification, their general trend is to stress the deep-rootedness of the evil which finally erupted in Hitlerism. It is a travesty of truth—and therefore a disservice to the German people which needs the truth so badly—to ascribe the rise of Naziism in Germany to the influx of alien ideas and tendencies. But—these historians insist—it is equally wrong to try to escape moral responsibility by heaping all the guilt upon Hitler. The same applies to Bismarck when used as a convenient scapegoat. True, Bismarck has turned out to be the evil genius of Germany: in his power-madness he thwarted the natural growth of the democratic forces there; in other words, he did just the opposite of what Cavour was doing in Piedmont and Italy. Yet—these historians point out—it is not enough to stigmatize the blindness of a Bismarck or the wickedness of a Hitler. " For influence to work someone must be open to it." And did not millions of Germans fall an easy prey to the magnetism of these

leaders? Did they not hail them as long as they were successful? The German people as a whole must learn to accept moral responsibility for their history rather than shift the blame on to a few "villains of the piece"—whether Frederick the Great, Bismarck, or Hitler. Or more concisely: it is the German people which is ultimately responsible for its leaders.

This summary of a theme of cardinal importance may suffice to give an idea of the moral earnestness and mental vigour displayed in these essays. One great European, I am sure, would have warmly greeted them as a welcome sign of German moral recovery. I mean Benedetto Croce. The issues tackled in them are precisely those he described as "the most urgent and living problem of the historian in the immediate future." This he stated in a slim volume of essays entitled *Germany and Europe*. It was published in 1944, when the full fury of war was let loose on Italy. But Croce's mind was *au delà de la mêlée*. He was already envisaging the redemption of the German people from the state of bestiality to which it had sunk. He was more convinced than ever of its ultimate self-purification which would enable it "to take its place in humanity, not as the barbaric master and butcher, but as one of the peoples among peoples." "And"—so he added—"the shame which it cannot help but feel over the evil for which it has made itself the instrument will be converted into a force of good—as with those great saints who were once great sinners." Is it too fanciful an idea to regard these essays by German historians as a posthumous reward for his indomitable ethical optimism?

(Dr. Martin Braun, who has made a special study of German political philosophy, has been in close touch with German political problems throughout his wartime and post-war work in the German Service of the BBC.)

ASSAM IN NOVEMBER

By Margaret Paterson

No rain, no dust,
No clouds, no mist,
No floods, no damp, no quick unsocial temper,
No insects that annoy,
No effort to enjoy,
No drought, no sweat, that's why we love November.

WITH apologies to Thomas Hood, that is November in Assam, the best month of the year, a month of no extremes. We stretch ourselves in the coolness and feel invigorated by the dry clearness of the air. The monsoon has just finished but the land is not yet parched. By March or April everything will look withered and brown. In May and June it will be much too hot. Everyone will be tired of the continual sun and no rain. Skins will be parched, hair dry and brittle, and strained eyes will long for grey skies once again. Then, the beginning of the monsoon season will come as a relief and a great blessing.

By September, however, there has been too much rain and heat. Tempers have become shorter as nerves have become more frayed with the difficulties of getting about when roads are flooded and turned to mud and when bridges are washed away, the difficulties of doing a day's work in an atmosphere so hot and humid that mere movement becomes an effort, and the difficulties of keeping a home reasonably clean when everything smells damp and grows fungus overnight and insects defy every effort to annihilate them.

It we start to sew, the material and thread become dirty with our sweaty hands, try we never so hard. When we knit we must keep powdering our hands or the wool sticks to our fingers. We must be continually cleaning out drawers, cupboards and boxes and airing their contents to get rid of moths, cockroaches and " silver fish ", the last being a particularly destructive insect well named for its appearance. The furniture itself, beneath, behind and in the corners, must be continually inspected to keep down the earth insects who build little mounds of earth from wet mud they have excreted in which to store their food that consists of dead caterpillars and similar grubs.

Then comes November with dry sunny days, clear blue skies, an uninterrupted view of the mountain ranges right back to the magnificent snow peaks, and, greatest blessing of all, cool quiet nights when one can

really sleep again. The pleasure of being able to sleep in comfort under a blanket after months of tossing on a sweat-sodden bed under a noisy fan has to be experienced to be believed. Quiet nights when no longer, in the hot darkness, the nightjar cries " plonk-plonk-plonk " like a stone bouncing over the frozen surface of a pond, and no koel bird insists " You're ill, you're ill."

At the same time November retains some of the benefits of the monsoon season. There is still enough water to make a drought unthought of. There is still enough moisture in the ground to keep everything fresh and green. The mud hardens on the roads, making them better for motoring, but does not yet turn to dust. Later in the cool dry season the ground dries up so much that it turns into a very fine powdery dust which fills the air and filters into everything. It gives us gorgeous sunsets but obscures the view. It causes epidemics of throat troubles and makes travelling very unpleasant. It infiltrates everywhere, dimming the colours of the flowers, choking the grass, and making the act of dusting in the bungalow a waste of time.

November is the month when we begin again. House-proud women see that their homes are cleaned, polished, painted, distempered and aired to get rid of the last vestige of the monsoon atmosphere. Friendships are renewed and the social round takes on a new lease of life. We can plan to go across the river to the next district without worrying about not being able to return as happens in the monsoons when the level of the river rises suddenly. We can plan picnics up the jungle rivers, shooting or fishing parties, for there is now no fear of rain making the jungle roads impassable. The sun is warm but not unbearably hot. The rivers are clear, not now in spate and not yet drying up, so that swimming and fishing are equally enjoyable.

The garden, this month, is interesting and the work there a pleasure. Whenever the rain begins to ease off at the end of September some of the vegetable and flower seeds are planted and from then on seeds are planted at regular intervals. By November some of the vegetables are ready to eat and some of the flowers are blooming, some plants are still at the seedling stage and some are ready to transplant.

That is our November, free from heat and sweat, floods and mud, dust and drought, and insects that fly and crawl, blessed with the advantages of both the monsoon season and the cool dry season and having the disadvantages of neither—November, our month of the year.

THE EDUCATION OF THE CLERGY

By Walter James

"THE most urgent question before the Church to-day is how to provide itself with a ministry sufficient alike in number and in quality." This comes from the report submitted to the Church Assembly this year by the Central Advisory Council of Training for the Ministry.* Figures quoted support the statement. In 1905, in England and Wales 19,000 clergy were at work among 34 million people; in 1953 there were 14,900 among 44 millions. After the war the bishops estimated that 600 new deacons were needed annually. The average loss by death and retirement is 500. In no year since the war has recruitment topped this annual loss. In 1952, 479 men were ordained, in 1953, 472. No more than 380 are expected to be ordained this year. It is not surprising that the Church of England should be concerned, but it is advisable to keep a clear head. Faced with these great difficulties of recruitment, the Central Advisory Council issues a brave challenge. "The one expedient that must be ruled out", it says, "is the policy of lowering the standard in order to swell the number of men ordained . . . the more difficult the work of the ministry—the higher must be the standard required." However fine the principle, it has gone unobserved. In one measurable aspect the quality of ordinands has been falling off steadily for the last 50 years at least.

The decline is in academic qualification. A simple test is to look at *Crockford*, and two volumes were surveyed, for 1954 and 1904. Only the entries under 'A' were examined, and only those educated in Great Britain and ministering in Great Britain were counted. The Anglican clergy oversea, who are recorded in *Crockford*, were not included in the inquiry. The decline in numbers, bearing out the anxieties of the Central Advisory Council, is apparent at once. In 1954 there were just over 600 clergymen in the British Isles whose surname began with A; in 1904 there were nearly 850.

Some figures are irrelevant, but interesting. In 1954, of clergymen educated and still serving in the British Isles rather under 41 per cent. had been to Oxford or Cambridge. This percentage in 1904 was 62. It is not so much that in the meantime more clergymen were being educated at other universities in the British Isles. The percentage of clergymen who were educated at places other than the two ancient universities (among which places Trinity College, Dublin, stands first) rose

* *Recruitment for the Ministry.* Church Information Board, Church House, London, S.W.1. 1s.

in the 50 years only from nearly 19 to 25. The outstanding change in these years is the increased numbers of non-graduate clergymen. In 1904 the percentage of non-graduates among the A's was only 19; in 1954 it had gone up to 34. To complete the picture, a figure not in *Crockford* must be added. In 1953 more than half of the new ordinands of the Church of England were non-graduates. This has to be set beside the fact that far more graduates are being produced by the British universities than ever before.

The Church is not to be blamed for this tendency of talent to choose other walks of life. It is reasonable, however, to expect it to give its priests the best education possible in these difficult times. But here the Church has shown an utter want of sense, let alone of inspiration. The education provided by the Church in its own institutions specifically for its ordinands is, by all modern standards and needs, sadly deficient. The education for which the Church itself is responsible is given in theological colleges. The university graduate will spend generally two years in a theological college, a non-graduate three. All must pass the General Ordination Examination during their theological college course. The requirements of this examination are a knowledge of the Old and New Testaments, Christian doctrine, and worship, Church history, and Christian ethics. This strictly academic examination is by no means easy; an obvious defect, to anyone who knows the system, is the cramming many non-graduates need before they can get through it at all. It is not the standard of the examination that is in question, but its content. In these days a man may be ordained priest in the Church of England without having received in the smallest degree any training in philosophy or psychology. No-one is saying that a knowledge of the Scriptures and liturgiology is not expected of a priest; to say that would be nonsense. But to loose a priest on the world, as some few hundreds are every year, without the faintest acquaintance with Wittgenstein, Freud, Marx or Professor Toynbee, let alone the scientists—all presenting serious problems to the Christian apologist—is a lamentable failure to discern the needs of people to-day. There is simply no provision in the majority of theological colleges for preparing students to meet the intellectual challenge to Christianity in its modern form. It would not be so bad if students were merely left ignorant of logical positivism and the like. The fault is that they are left without training in philosophical argument of any kind. So busy are many colleges in cramming their students through the mill of G.O.E., that they deny them the simplest exercise in disputation and any grounding in Christian apologetics.

If the graduates were better prepared at their universities there would be some excuse, but it is not so. Half of them in 1953 read some general study (15 per cent., it is at least pleasant to record, read science) such as history or geography which, as it would be taught in the university, is largely unrelated to the priestly vocation. The other half in that year

read theology, which can be a narrowing subject unless read against a broader background. It is worth remembering that in the Middle Ages the study of theology was not begun until the end of a long course in the seven liberal arts and that to-day the Roman Catholic ordinand will have studied philosophy for two years before embarking on theology. At Oxford, for instance, the graduate in theology will generally have studied no philosophy at all. If he is among the small minority who take the special paper in philosophy of religion he will have been advised to read a list of selected books which fails even to reach Hegel, stopping short at Kant. Such a man will be well equipped indeed to resolve the doubts of an intelligent layman who has become embroiled with Professors Ryle and Ayer.

It is not only that the education course marked down for its ordinands by the Church of England is so deficient in the content relevant to modern needs. A more indefensible circumstance lies in the prodigal way this education is organized. Training ordinands, as any churchman can tell you, is very much a matter of money. The Church (through private boards of trustees) is wholly responsible only for its theological colleges and to these graduates and non-graduates alike must go. There are 28 of these colleges, many representing some special branch of churchmanship and few of them house more than 50 students in any one year. If there are large units like King's College, London, with 150 students and St. David's College, Lampeter, with 128 there were nine colleges in 1953 with 30 students or less; the average size was 47. No-one who has any grasp of the economics of residential education will fail to recognize the shocking waste of money here. The obvious thing to do, for any reformer with an eye for economy, would be to amalgamate these colleges into new foundations taking 100 or even 200 students. The present prodigality takes heavy toll. Small colleges live from hand to mouth and more often than not their staffs are small, poorly paid, and of low quality. So small are the staffs—four is a common size, ministering to a student body of 30—that each member finds himself a jack of all trades and even the G.O.E. course is not properly conducted by genuine experts in the various papers. The colleges are often out in the country and outside help is often difficult to get. On the other hand there are universities like Nottingham, liberally supplied with Anglicans in the theology faculty, without a single theological college near at hand which these rare talents might fortify. The Church of England, in spite of the advisory and inspectorial function of the C.A.C.T.M., has no precise control over its theological colleges which must answer only to the bishop of their diocese. They are bastions of private interest. But a church with any sense for saving its skin would see that the indulgence of distinct traditions, Anglo-Catholic, Evangelical and so on, was not allowed to defeat the pressing need to-day for the centralized planning of the training of ordinands. Fewer theological colleges, larger colleges, set up

in university cities where scarce talent can be called upon, are vital needs of the Church of England, as was recognized in a wartime report, now pigeon-holed. It need lead in no way to the blurring of the distinct traditions. One finds to-day Anglo-Catholic students in Evangelical colleges and *vice versa*. It is not the sacrifice of the various traditions that is demanded, but of pettier things—the little interest group that has made a particular college its hobby. These minor concerns should give way to an economically arranged system of larger colleges. The Church of England as things are ought to have a bad conscience every time an appeal is made for funds for training the clergy, because the wastefulness of the present scheme is beyond all defence.

Far more is needed however, than a material reorganization of the theological colleges. The teaching inside them is out of joint with the times. What should a clergyman be? That is a question which has never been faced and answered by the Church of England in this century. The assumption seems to be that, ideally, he ought to be what he was in the nineteenth century, the squire's mentor and companion, the equal of his professional colleagues, the lawyer and the doctor. In fact, half at least of modern parsons can be none of those things. If the squire is still a gentleman, the parson is probably not, and if the squire is a week-ending stockbroker from London the parson is equally at sea. Further, the intellectual kinship between the average parson and other professional men has broken down. To-day the man without a degree is often the man who could not get a degree if he tried. These facts have to be faced. It is no longer sensible to pursue, for all ordinands, the old ideal of the parson as scholar and gentleman. He is often not a gentleman and more often still not a scholar. This is the result of social changes beyond the control of the Church of England. The average benefice no longer provides the means for living the life of Trollope's more expansive ecclesiastics. Saints are few, the average men are many, and the average middle-class man demands his £1,000 a year at least. This the Church of England cannot provide, except for the few and it is therefore faced with the need to devise a training suited to less than average men, intellectually speaking. The present training for G.O.E. is stiffer than the ordinary man can profitably stomach, while it is considerably less than the able man should receive in these times.

The first need is to recognize that of those called to the Church of England now many are academically poor material, while a few are excellent. The corollary is that they cannot be trained in the same way and for the same purposes. In spite of many different environments in which a clergyman may work—in a mining district, in the countryside, in a university, in a residential area inhabited by highly trained professional men—the training he receives at his theological college is given hardly a change of emphasis, except in the tradition of worship for which the college stands. The theological colleges might imitate the

moderate specialization shown by teachers' training colleges. Some of them are directed towards art, some to technical subjects, some to the education of infants, some to the arts of the kitchen and the home. All theological colleges are directed towards one end—a pass in the General Ordination Examination. It would be sensible to allow them to specialize, so that some colleges might take able graduates and give them a training suited to their standard (and their likely sphere of work) and others might concentrate their simple studies on simpler men.

Let us take the simpler men first. For many non-graduates G.O.E. is far too difficult an examination. The weaker brethren get through it by cramming, learning by rote, and suchlike ignominious devices which, educationally speaking, are as useless as they are unworthy. Nothing will bring some of the men the Church is recruiting to-day within measurable distance of a Victorian Master of Arts and it would be sensible to abandon the attempt. What these men could be made is being thrown away by aiming at what they never can be. It is sheer folly to attempt to give even the rudiments of scholarship to many of the men now being recruited for the ministry of the Church of England. It would be far better to accept them for what they are, good, devout souls with a call to the priesthood, men who can lead their congregation in prayer, but who ought never to be allowed to preach to them, men who are qualified by every claim of spirituality to administer the sacraments but who will for ever be entirely unfitted to defend the faith (except by the show of their lives) against free-thinkers of any brand. This type of ordinand needs no more than the testing of his vocation, and a drilling in the simple routines of the priesthood. The Church might well consider whether such men need be full-time clergymen at all. Seeing that their main function would be conducting services, with no preaching, no writing or other such scholarly activities, would it not be well to leave them to earn their living by some secular employment, as must many times have happened in the early church? This would be an entirely new type of parson in England, but would he be altogether out of keeping with the possibilities of the times? It does the Church of England no good to establish, as it now so often does, an ignoramus in a whole-time appointment which the laity still expect to be filled, so conservative are they, by a scholar and a gentleman. Would it not be better to accustom the laity to expect nothing more than an example, and the priestly ministrations, from some of the clergy—and to look elsewhere for learning and the pastoral care that only a mind susceptible of higher training can give?

This higher training must now be considered, for unquestionably able men still enter the Church to-day and there is urgent work for them to do. The trouble is that they are so badly prepared for it. The narrowness of university courses in theology has already been mentioned. If one takes ordinands who have graduated in other studies, what bearing often have these studies on their vocation? What skill in handling a family that is falling apart is conferred by the study of modern history or English

literature? What in his past study of modern languages enables the graduate priest to convert a doctor who is convinced that the life of men is mainly determined by economic circumstance or sex? The education of a graduate priest (except in so far as it has trained his mind, which is not to be despised) often seems to have no connection with his work in life. He is a graduate, but his graduate studies cannot be brought to bear. His three years at the university, which are occupied in a completely secular discipline unless it is in the narrow sphere of theology, are unlinked with his concerns at a theological college and indeed with his concerns in his life as a priest.

Not all future clergymen know what their life is to be when they go up to the university; this cannot be expected. But many do, and for their education the Church ought to have a plan. The education of a man who at the age of 18, when he enters the university, has firmly fixed upon the vocation of the priesthood, should be considered as a whole. The Church has the whole five years, not the two years of theological college, to consider. It is from this sort of man that the Church will draw its specialists, its preachers, those who can master the sciences of psychology and enonomics, who can deal with the doubts cast by logical positivism and the cyclic historians, who can administer and lead—all those, in fact, who are needed in these days, as new Dominicans, to support the efforts of those simpler priests who will man the parishes.

If the most is to be got out of able minds, those who represent the Church must negotiate some new degree courses, better introductions to the priestly vocation, with the universities. The 56 students who took theology at Oxford in 1954 would have been far better prepared for their future work if they had read some composite school, on the lines of Modern Greats, which might have been styled Philosophy, Psychology, and Theology. On to such degree courses at universities, the theological college studies of these abler ordinands should be carefully grafted. Wherever possible the five years should be made a whole, not a term being wasted.

This has been a rapid and superficial attack on a complex subject. One point at least has been established; that the academic qualifications of the clergy in general have declined. It has been argued that training for the ministry should take account of this in accepting two ways of preparation: one which turns out the simple groundling parson, and the other which with great care fosters the intellectual *êlite* for their tasks in the modern world. It has been urged also that the present system of theological colleges, with so many small units, is uneconomic, and that schemes of amalgamation, in the neighbourhood of university cities, would prevent a waste of scarce resources. It can be said that none of these suggestions is without some support among the more forward-looking clergy.

CHILDREN IN CARE

By Alfred H. Haynes

IN December 1944 the Secretary of State announced to the House of Commons that a committee was to be set up " to inquire into methods of providing for children who are deprived of a normal home life." At that date, some 32,000 children were in the care of the public assistance authorities, it being the duty of the authorities, under the Poor Law Act, 1930, both to relieve and " to set to work or put out as apprentices all children whose parents are not able to keep and maintain them." The language of the enactment was almost identical with that of the first Elizabethan Poor Law Act of 1601 and, beyond enabling the authorities to provide separate schools for the relief and management of children, it laid no specific welfare duties on them. Fortunately for the children in question, the various Orders made by the Minister of Health reflected a more humanitarian spirit and thus it was during their short lifetime, which lasted from 1930 until 1948, that the public assistance authorities were enabled to lay the foundations on which the present children's service is based.

That the Poor Law Act, with its antiquated outlook, was a drag on progress, however, became very evident when the Care of Children Committee, under the chairmanship of Miss (now Dame) Myra Curtis, commenced its investigations. Between March 1945 and August 1946, the members of the Committee examined 229 witnesses, read and considered 114 memoranda of evidence, visited 451 establishments and interviewed the officials and members of some 58 local authorities. Public interest in the Committee's activities had been excited by the sensational press reports attaching to the tragic death, caused by neglect and ill-treatment, of a twelve year old boy who had been boarded-out with foster parents. In returning a verdict of death due to undernourishment and neglect, the coroner added a rider to the effect that there had been a serious lack of supervision by the responsible local authority. In the subsequent inquiry, conducted by Sir Walter Monckton, reference was made to the necessity for an improvement in administrative machinery and for the development of a more anxious and responsible spirit.

From a public relations point of view, it was perhaps unfortunate for the 140 public assistance authorities that the Curtis Committee should commence its inquiry at a time when the lack of care by one particular authority was under the spotlight of press and public criticism; nevertheless, the revelation of administrative deficiencies by Sir Walter Monckton's inquiry had a tonic effect. " There is no doubt ", reported the members of the Curtis Committee, " that the O'Neill case had authorities

on their guard against slackness in administration." While the Curtis Committee found that children in the care of the authorities were not generally neglected in a physical sense and that many of the progressive authorities were providing for the full needs of the children under their care, it was only too evident that a rigid administration system, tied to the poor law, together with an unimaginative outlook, was militating against the welfare and interests of the children concerned.

In issuing their final report in August 1946, the members of the Curtis Committee were guided by a number of important principles, foremost among which was the necessity for each authority to recognize the individuality of each child. "We found many places", says the report, "where the standard of child care was no better, except in respect of disciplinary methods, than that of say 30 years ago; and we found a widespread and deplorable shortage of the right kind of staff, personally qualified and trained to provide the child with a substitute for a home background. The result in many Homes was a lack of personal interest in, and affection for, the children which we found shocking. The child in these homes was not recognized as an individual with his own rights and possessions, his own life to live and his own contribution to offer. He was merely one of a large crowd, eating, playing and sleeping with the rest . . . still more, he was without the feeling that there was any one to whom he could turn who was vitally interested in his welfare or who cared for him as a person. The effect of this on the smaller children was reflected in their behaviour towards visitors, which took the form of an almost pathological clamouring for attention and petting. In the older children the effect appeared more in slowness, backwardness and lack of response, and in habits of destructiveness and want of concentration." Knowing that the foundations for Britain's Welfare State were laid at the beginning of the century, it seems incredible that these words were written so recently. Happily, in many of the Homes which the members of the Curtis Committee visited, there was much evidence to show that the children were being cared for and valued as individuals, and it was in respect of these Homes that the Committee was able to write "we have seen much that is good and highly creditable to those responsible." So disturbing were the adverse criticisms, both against the law and the administration, however, that, despite the pressing problems arising out of the cessation of hostilities, the topmost priority was given to a reorganization of the children's services. In March 1947 the Prime Minister announced that the Government accepted the recommendations of the Curtis Committee and, four months later, central responsibility was transferred from the Minister of Health to the Secretary of State. In the same month (July 1947) a Central Training Council in Child Care was established, and in September an unprecedented circular was issued to local authorities inviting them to proceed with the formation of children's committees and the appointment of children's officers in advance of legis-

lation. Meanwhile, the work in connection with the drafting of a new Children Bill, based on the recommendation of the Curtis Committee, had been proceeding and this new Bill was introduced into the House of Lords in December 1947. With the demise of the Poor Law on July 5, 1948, the new Children Act came into operation.

Previously, the orphan or the deserted child became the ward of the poor law whose primary object it was, in the words of a Local Government Board Circular, " to keep in mind the child's education to independence of character and habits of industry "; to-day, the unfortunate child is recognized as being an individual who is entitled to " an upbringing likely to make him a sound and happy citizen and who shall have all the chances, educational and vocational, of making a good start in life which are open to children in normal homes." The object of the old order was to ensure that chargeability to public funds should not recur in adult life; the new service is based on the need of children for a normal home life and it is around this fundamental that the Central Training Council in Child Care, in association with the universities and other training establishments, has woven its educational pattern. That, since 1947, some 400 boarding-out officers have received training and a further 300 have attended refresher courses means that the new outlook has permeated into the administrative structure and filtered through to the children's Homes, 900 house parents having received training and a further 1500 having attended ten-day refresher courses.

The present number of children in the care of the local authorities is 65,000; during the 12 months ended November 30, 1953, 39,000 children were received into care and 38,000 children were discharged from care. It will be seen, therefore, that a large proportion of the children coming under the protective care of the local authorities is only temporarily deprived of normal home life; the reasons are various, the largest percentage of short-stay cases coming from homes where parents or guardians have sustained an illness or infirmity which prevents them temporarily from giving adequate care. In respect of the more permanent cases, contributory factors giving rise to the intervention of the local authorities range from death of parent or guardians to abandonment and neglect. Approximately 25 per cent. of the total number of children in the care of local authorities were committed to their charge under " Fit Person " orders made by the juvenile and other courts.

In making any comparisons between the old and the new orders, it must be conceded that the contemporary children's service started off with the tremendous advantage of having the Children Act, 1948, on which to base its policy and administration. In this enactment there was not only much that was new but, in addition, there were many provisions which allowed ample scope for imaginative action; it is to the credit of the children's service that, in seizing hold of the opportunities offered, it has not neglected to sift the old and to refashion the best of

what remained. Thus, in the inherited knowledge that life in a substitute home offers to a child many advantages over life in a communal Home, a new emphasis has been placed on the desirability of boarding out with foster parents. The extent to which boarding out was practised under the former régime differed with the different classes of children. In 1946, only 15 per cent. of the children chargeable to the poor law authorities were boarded out in private homes; to-day, this percentage has been increased to 42 per cent. Taking into account the present case-load of 65,000 children as against the former poor law case-load of 32,000 children, the increase is a remarkable tribute both to the patient efforts of the children's officers and to the development of a keener social conscience in the community generally.

Further evidence of how the new administration has improved on the old is to be found in the development of reception centres. Under the poor law, it was common practice for children received into care to be sent initially to a receiving centre for cleansing and for the treatment of skin diseases and other minor ailments; although a few authorities had special accommodation for this purpose, the most common expedient adopted was to house the children temporarily in a public assistance institution. The Curtis Committee rightly took the view that it was most undesirable that a child's first impression of life in the care of a local authority should be coloured and flavoured by the atmosphere of an institution; on the other hand, the experience derived from the wartime evacuation scheme clearly proved the value of some form of clearing centre in which a child could stay for a temporary period until his physical, emotional and mental needs had been studied and fitted into the most appropriate pattern of care provision available. Lack of suitable premises has prevented the full implementation of the Children Act requirement as to the provision of reception centres, but half the authorities have established recognizable centres and all have reception arrangements.

The number of local authority children's Homes now approximates 900; these are of varying types ranging from family group Homes, normally in ordinary dwelling houses and accommodation not more than 12 children, to grouped cottage Homes and the larger residential schools. In addition, there are residential nurseries for children up to the age of five years and hostels for adolescents over the compulsory school leaving age. During the past six years, there has been much emphasis on linking the children in residential establishments with welfare-minded persons in the community and, as a result, there has developed, through the media of the Women's Voluntary Services and other personal service organizations "Godmother", "Uncle and Aunt" and many other similar schemes, all designed to establish between the children in the Homes and those outside a personal bond based on affection and interest. In order to conserve the primary purpose of such schemes, much em-

phasis is laid both on continuity of effort and avoidance of unduly extravagant gestures; there are, however, many children who have yet to be linked up with the outside community and, in consequence, there remains an urgent need for more men and women of good will to volunteer their services as " uncles " and " aunts ".

Whether or not there was any significance in the fact that legal adoptions reached a peak figure of 21,280 in 1946 (that is in the year when press and radio were giving much publicity both to the Monckton inquiry and to the activities of the Curtis Committee), it cannot be denied that, of all the methods open to local authorities, successful adoption is the most completely satisfactory method of providing a substitute home. Legal adoption was first made possible in 1926 and, since that year, the law has been considerably strengthened in order to ensure that the interest of the three parties concerned—the child, the natural parents and the adopters—are fully safeguarded. The wisdom behind the provision that insists on the appointment of a guardian *ad litem* during the probationary period was commented on by the members of the Curtis Committee and, since the passing of the Children Act, the juvenile and other courts qualified to make adoption orders have made extensive use of the local authority children's officers for this purpose. It is not generally realized that, in respect of defined classes of deprived children, the local authorities can themselves resolve to assume parental rights and powers; at the present time, resolutions of this nature are in force in respect of approximately 8000 children.

Behind the Children Act, however, there lies the recognition that a child's natural environment continues to be his own home; however effective boarding out, institutional care and adoption may be, the family continues to be the main unit on which society is based. In recognition of this fundamental principle, there is contained within the Children Act an obligation on local authorities to secure the restoration of a deprived child to his parent, guardian or relative so soon as this may be consistent with the child's welfare. Children's officers are concerned, therefore, not only with the immediate problem of providing care for a neglected, ill-treated or deserted child, but also with the social and other causes leading up to the deprivation of home care. When the Women's Group on Public Welfare undertook its pioneer study in 1946-47, it was found that cruelty and deliberate physical ill-treatment formed only a small part of the problem of the neglected child; " poverty, ignorance, bad housing, marital disharmony, excessive child-bearing—all play their part," says the report: " We are left with the impression not of wilful, cruel, reprehensible mothers but of women struggling with inadequate equipment, mental and material, to deal with problems which would tax even those highly endowed." Other contributory factors include lack of help in the home, ignorance of the elementary principles of home making and sub-normality of one or both parents. While the child is in

the care of the local authority, there is a remedial function placed on the children's officer, therefore, to endeavour to stablize the home environment and to create fit conditions to which a child may return. In the knowledge that prevention of child neglect is of equal importance to family rehabilitation, much emphasis has been placed recently on the establishment, at local level, of the necessary machinery to secure co-ordination between the various local authority and other statutory and voluntary services.

In carrying out their statutory functions in relation to children deprived of a normal home life, the local authorities continue to place much reliance in the ancillary services provided by the voluntary agencies. Approximately 30,000 children continue to be cared for in Homes provided by religious and other organizations; under regulations made in 1948, all such Homes must be registered with the Secretary of State and are subject to inspection and visitation. So far as children in the community are concerned, the N.S.P.C.C., with an inspectorate which has recently been supplemented by women visitors, continues to keep a watchful eye on child welfare generally. As the Society's main function is *prevention* of cruelty, the number of cases in which legal proceedings are instituted, comparatively few in number, bear little relation to the vast amount of unspectacular, but constructive, work carried out.

That there are weaknesses in the revised administration, still experiencing growing pains, goes without saying; the need for more adequate provision to be made for handicapped and mentally retarded children, the methods of dealing with homeless families, the desirability for a greater emphasis to be placed on after-care—these are only a few of the important matters to which the new children's service must continue to give serious thought. The danger at all costs to be avoided is that of allowing the new service to stagnate into a mere administrative machine —child welfare at its highest and best level can have no other source but child love and it is on this quality, and this quality alone, that the children's service must continue to base its policy and administration.

Men and women of all nations, recognizing that mankind owes to the child the best that it has to give, declare and accept it as their duty and above all considerations of race, nationality or creed:

1. The child must be given the means requisite for its normal development, both materially and spiritually.
2. The child that is hungry must be fed; the child that is sick must be nursed; the child that is backward must be helped; the delinquent child must be reclaimed; and the orphan and waif must be sheltered and succoured.
3. The child must be the first to receive relief in times of distress.
4. The child must be put in a position to earn a livelihood and must be protected against every form of exploitation.
5. The child must be brought up in the consciousness that its talents must be devoted to the service of its fellow men.

This was the declaration of the Assembly of the League of Nations in 1924.

(*The author is a District Officer in the National Health Service. He is a Fellow of the Institute of Welfare Officers, and a member of the Executive Council of the National Association of Local Government Health and Welfare Officers.*)

DRAMATIZATION IN POLITICS

By H. P. Rickman

THERE is something of show business about politics. This is a fact too familiar for even the raising of an eyebrow. Newspaper reports and television programmes exploit the dramatic qualities of elections, debates, political conflicts, and so on. Politicians are the actors in these dramatic sketches and success goes to those who "go down" well with their audiences. Cartoonists and gossip writers thrive on the dramatic qualities of politicians and thereby help to create and perpetuate stylized images of political leaders.

As sophisticated people we smile or frown—according to our temperament—at these antics. If we are hard-headed and perhaps a little cynical, we are convinced that all this rhetoric and pageantry and clash of personalities is only froth and bubble on the surface, for the reality of politics is concerned with the real and pressing interests of groups which are determined by the hard facts of economics, geography, etc. Self-interest is not hard to understand and will be pursued without or even in spite of the antics of individuals. If, on the other hand, we are high-minded and idealistic, we believe that politics is the translation of moral ideals into practical reality. The self-dramatization of politicians then smacks of self-indulgence, of vanity, and worse, of charlatanism.

I think it is true that politics is concerned with both the realization of ideals and the promotion of group interests. But it is an error to think of the dramatic and personal elements in political life as either a by-product or a disease, the result of the frivolity of the people and the vanity of their leaders. The realization of political practitioners and of ordinary people that this element is important should be taken seriously.

This article is an attempt at a serious evaluation and analysis of the dramatic element in politics. Three aspects of the problem in particular should receive some illumination. First it will be shown that the politician's personality traits are exploited—by himself and others—to create the appropriate professional rôle. Secondly, some light will be thrown on the mechanisms of representation and leadership as they affect the leader and the led. Thirdly, it should become clear that this dramatic element is a causal link in the chain of events which make up political history and that to understand it is an important aid to understanding the pattern of political events.

A political act is, among other things, a public performance, that is,

a deliberate presentation before an interested audience. To be successful as such it must be an effective dramatization of the issues involved. This in turn involves the dramatization of the political actor, that is, the creation of a suitable image of the agent. This has always been the case but it has never been of such importance as it is to-day. Because of the growth of literacy, the spread of democratic ideas and the development of television, radio, film and press, the audience which observes, as well as judges, political performances has become enormously large. This applies not only to western democracies, for democratic ideas have spread much wider and the most autocratic dictator of our time is anxious to impress his subjects with the quality of his actions and to create at least the illusion of being judged and approved by ballots, referenda, and other means.

A political act is never, like the mending of a watch, simply the manipulation of things. It exists and is made effective by being projected into the consciousness of human beings, and by rousing enthusiasm, fear, assent, satisfaction, or compliance, and thus leading to further actions. Therefore the success of such actions depends on the effectiveness with which they are projected. This projection I call " dramatization ".

Equally, it is characteristic of the author of the political act, the politician, that he is not only a person dealing with objective problems, such as trade, foreign affairs, or economic reconstruction, but that he deals with such problems as the representative, spokesman, or leader of others. His effectiveness thus rests on his ability to create a suitable image of himself in the minds of those others, and relationships to other human beings are the essential framework of political activity. These relationships are not the ordinary man to man relationships such as we encounter let us say in friendship; they are *sui generis* and might be called political relations. These are characterized by the politician presenting himself in the relationship by means of a generalized image and communicating with others above all through dramatizations.

To examine first of all what I have called the politician's image: this fulfils an important function which can be fairly clearly defined. The politician is the representative of a group, party, constituency, or nation (and that not only in a democracy). It is not enough for him to be able, sincere and devoted to the interests of the group he represents. He must clearly *appear* to be all this. To create the appearance without providing the substance is the sign of a charlatan; but to neglect the appearance will leave solid worth politically ineffective.

The producing of oneself as a personality so as to create a suitable image should not be described as deception; it is rather the creation of a poetic truth which does justice to essentials while compromising on incidentals. This compromise is made with the prejudices, idiosyncrasies and preconceived notions of the group to be represented. To give an example: it is quite possible and perhaps of frequent occurrence, that

a person may be seriously devoted to social justice, may be zealous to better the lot of the workers and yet have no liking or interest for individual workers. To one who has a profound understanding of human nature such a person may appear a most suitable representative at least under certain conditions but the unsophisticated will think the picture unconvincing. In consequence many politicians have found it expedient to convey their devotion to the workers' cause by smiling at workers' wives on the doorsteps of their houses and patting the heads of workers' children.

The preconceived notions of groups vary from case to case but some are fairly general. For instance groups desire their representative to be " one of us ". Sometimes this desire is somewhat unrealistic and drives the politician inevitably into deliberate contrivance or unconscious self-deception. Thus squires may wish to be represented by a typical squire and the manual workers by a manual worker. A politician may come from the ranks of the squirearchy or he may have been a labourer in his youth. He may continue to wear tweeds or a cloth cap, may go to meets or to local pubs, but a politician of some stature will in fact be neither a typical squire nor a typical manual worker, and can at most *appear* to be one.

It should be understood that a group desires to be represented not only in the sense of wanting a suitable, efficient spokesman and advocate, but also in a more emotional and intimate sense. They wish to see, and they want the world to recognize in their representative what is best in them, or what they believe they could ideally be. They want their representative to be a transparent embodiment of their collective ideal; not a worker but a super-worker endowed with the rugged virtues of the working classes; not a squire but a super-squire presenting an accumulation of breeding, authority and sense of responsibility. Nations in their turn may desire that their leaders be the embodiment of the nation's symbol, a " John Bull " for instance. For a man to embody a myth he must streamline himself, make himself more consistent than is common with ordinary mortals.

But this is not all; a different requirement supervenes. For a man to be the recognizable representative, the collective symbol of the aspirations of a group, it is not enough to be typical, as Hollywood starlets are typical; he must also be a unique person, not to be confused with or mistaken for any Tom, Dick or Harry; hence the general and typical must be overlaid with individual idiosyncrasies (here we enter the sphere of monocles, umbrellas, fancy waistcoats, funny hats, big cigars, etc.).

To achieve this self-dramatization which will present the image of an able, energetic and devoted representative who combines rugged individuality with the typical characteristics desired by the represented group, the politician must first of all utilize what is given to him at the outset; his physique, his abilities and interest, his habits and the quality of his

upbringing and social background. He must have a natural flare for creative moulding of this raw material, for this is the work of creative genius as much as is the creation of a vital character in fiction. The degree of self-consciousness in creation varies from person to person and ranges from instinctive dramatization to deliberate contrivance. Even if the adoption of such a dramatized image of oneself in a professional rôle is at the outset something of a pose, it tends to become an integral part in the development of personality. The rôle is then no longer easily shed and the politician's replies to his wife may bear the traces of parliamentary rejoinders, just as a doctor may bring his bedside manner to the bridge table.

It follows from this that the possible images which a person can project are always limited and sometimes very narrowly defined. The prospective politician cannot choose any promising image. Whether a particular dramatized personality is required by a group needing representation, or demanded by a particular situation calling for a special kind of leadership, is, from the point of view of the individual politician, an historical accident. Winston Churchill, in spite of his brilliant intellectual gifts, was for many years in the political wilderness, suspected by the nation (as too clever) and mistrusted by his own party. But when war broke out in 1939 it immediately became clear that the nation possessed a great war leader and that he would inevitably take charge, supported by the confidence of all. Then it appeared as if all his life had been a preparation for just that rôle.

We have concentrated so far on the creation of the politician's image in so far as it serves to establish the politician as a representative and leader. Turning to the dramatizations which are important in the work of actual representation and leadership, we see that these will, of course, be concerned with the material interests, the rights and aspirations of groups. This does not concern us here. But a group desires also to be represented in its mood and temper and these it cannot easily bring to the public notice except by acts of violence, or spontaneous demonstrations. Such acts are usually due to a failure in leadership. It is the politician's job to dramatize the feeling of his group and if he does so effectively and convincingly there is no need for individuals to demonstrate their emotions. Thus the politician must act out the resolution, impatience, anger, etc., of the group he represents. This is insufficiently done by haphazard verbilization, and must be made manifest by voice, gesture, facial expression and style of speech. It is in fact possible to smile urbanely and yet be grimly determined but public life demands simplifications. Unless other dramatic evidence of determination is given there may be a failure in communication. Other groups may misunderstand the situation and followers may feel themselves inadequately represented.

Not only representation but leadership is at issue. It may be necess-

ary to rouse a group to determination or sacrifice, or persuade them to be patient. Because of the character of the contemporary public reasoned argument is of limited value. But where such argument is not read, not understood or received with boredom, the dramatic gesture, the vivid phrase, the flamboyant act may make its impression. A prime minister who pushes open the door of his car the moment it comes to a stop and hurries up the steps to his office, will give a nation a sense of urgency as no elaborate speeches can. On the other hand a politician emerging glumly from a conference will be hard put to it to counteract with optimistic pronouncements the evidence of his facial expression.

We live in an age of mass societies. Political action takes place by delegation and the delegates act for and in the view of vast populations radically differentiated in intelligence, education and interests. As long as this is the case political actions will be understood, and will therefore be effective, in terms of dramatic personalities and their dramatic acts. This is only one aspect of politics. Political decisions must still be judged in the light of moral principles and intellectual insight. Political tactics must be judged in terms of actual conditions prevailing at a certain place at a certain time, but the dramatic qualities of political actions are also an important and legitimate subject for the politician's attention and therefore merit the careful study of political theorists.

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THE INWARD EYE—V

By Norman Nicholson

ONE of the peculiar difficulties about criticizing radio is that of making up one's mind what the medium is expected to do. For radio is entertainer, educator, and recorder. It fulfils or partly fulfils the functions of the theatre, the cinema, the concert hall, the school and the newspaper yet it differs from all of them not only in purpose but in kind. In spite of appearing so often merely to imitate these other media, to take over their jobs, it belongs to a totally different order. The radio, in fact, is not really an art medium at all. It is an imaginary companion, a twentieth-century Mrs. Harris, a substitute for the family.

Whatever may have been the privations and trials of the past, loneliness was rarely one of them, or not for the majority of the people. Only the rich could afford to be lonely. Loneliness for the scholar in his study there might be, or for the ploughman in the fields; but not in the home. The steady, yeast-like budding and rising and multiplying of family life made that impossible. To-day we find a very different situation. In millions of homes there is a new kind of silence—the silence that is heard when no-one is talking. When the children are at school and the husband is at work there is a solitude about the suburban house which has hardly been known in the homes of England since men first began to congregate into villages. Loneliness, it would seem, has come in with the plumbing.

To fill this silence, to dispel this loneliness, has been, perhaps above all else, the special function of radio. The great comedians of the air are not so much the funny ones as the friendly ones; not those who invent a comic character as those who present their own character. Certain men have achieved enormous popularity not because they had any special talent and not because they had anything to say, but just because they were able to be themselves, were able to project their personalities into the room, to become part of the family. Gilbert Harding, Wilfred Pickles, even, in his own way, Stuart Hibbert could do this. It did not matter much whether you liked them, or even whether you were interested in them. It mattered just that they were there, that they helped to fill the silence.

In view of this it is somewhat surprising that the radio talk has declined during the last few years. A number of gifted speakers have been discovered—Sir Arthur Grimble, Mr. Fred Hoyle, Mr. John Betjeman—but on the whole the Talks Department seems to have been concerned chiefly to provide comment on matters political, social, scientific and the

like. Now and again speakers are encouraged to reminisce, and such reminiscence has often produced excellent talks. But the talk that is neither practical nor informative, the talk that is shaped like a poem rather than a thesis, the talk that is *about* nothing in particular but *is* something in itself—this, though not entirely neglected, has not been cultivated as it should.

And here the Third Programme has been a disappointment. When it began one had hoped for experiment in the art of conversation; one had hoped to overhear the recorded table-talk of a modern Johnson or Coleridge. But the directors of Third Programme talks seem to have been too ready to regard their department as the radio equivalent of the literary weeklies. So that over and over again we have had to listen to well-informed magazine articles written with no thought to their speakability, and read with an incompetence which makes the speakers sound like nervous candidates for In Town Tonight. Sometimes, especially on musical subjects, we have heard distinguished foreigners struggling to express themselves in a language not their own. Rarely, rarely have we heard anyone who talks as if he enjoyed it, composing or improvising directly in the medium of speech, though not necessarily, of course, without the aid of a script. Such a speaker is Geoffrey Grigson, who is heard not nearly enough. And such, too, are the speakers who are called upon for Mr. W. R. Rodgers' enchanting conversational mosaics of Irish literary life. In these programmes (about such figures as Yeats, Joyce, Shaw and George Moore) the speakers talk independently, recorded, as it would seem, in their own homes, while Mr. Rodgers is responsible for the final pattern and shape. One of the main criticisms of the programmes, indeed, is just that they lack shape, or at least, lack progressive argument and agreed conclusion. Moreover, the quality of the reminiscence is sometimes rather trivial—so that in the case of George Moore we remembered chiefly that he did not know how to fasten his underpants.

Yet Mr. Rodgers' compilations—whether or not they belong to literary history—are vastly entertaining and certainly carry out what I have called the special function of radio: they fill the silence. They fill it, moreover, in the way it ought to be filled, with speaking voices. They do not merely drown it as do the operas and symphony orchestras, pouring into our small rooms sounds that are completely incongruous there. So much of radio is (quite inevitably) art at second hand, as the colour print is to the painting. But in such programmes as these we are each of us in at the creation, we can all of us possess the original. Only need they be confined to Ireland? One would have thought that the Edinburgh of the new Scottish Makars would have produced talk as good as that of Dublin. I dare not mention London.

(Mr. Nicholson's sixth article on radio listening will be published in the December number of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

COWPER ON THE AIR

William, if you could now
Enter this room and hear
An unseen choir proclaiming
" . . . His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm,"
What puzzlement—what fear,
As of some spectral sphere—
Your staring eye would show!
If you whose mind, distraught,
Saw an Avenger aiming
The arrows of your doom,
Till, pierced and " with panting side," you sought
For last tranquillity
The distant wood's deep gloom;—
If you, " the stricken deer,"
To whom could yet appear
A kindly One, " soliciting the darts,"
Bidding you live again;—
If you in whose divided nature the heart's
Expanding warmth could free
A head that, even when sound,
Held stubbornly
By Calvin's cold decree;
In whom love's sovereign will
Worked greater marvel still,
Surprising the barred pane
With light, as " after rain,"
When wits were prison-bound;—
If you across the years,
Shy spirit, could return,
Listen with us, and learn
How your song that was born of tears
Is spread in healing flight
Over the world to-night,
Reaching a million ears,
Calming so much of grief,
Fanning so much of hope:
Roused from your first mazed unbelief

That miracle could have such scope,
With what redoubled awe you well might say
" God moves in a mysterious way! "

GILBERT THOMAS

EVENSONG

I

I walked this evening in the place she loved,
The garden that she tended—and the pain
Was like a wound torn freshly deep again
And everything was empty and in vain.

II

How very weak, how infinitely poor! —
And yet, may be, how human! God must know
The frailty of His creatures here below
And from that knowledge all the mercies flow.

III

And God walked in the garden: He is here,
His hand outstretched in blessing—let it be:
I have so strong, so sweet a certainty
That she is with Him and is here with me.

GORELL

A LETTER FROM THE CRIMEA

On November 5, just a hundred years ago, Florence Nightingale arrived at Scutari. Apparently five days latter either this news or the significance of it had not reached T. J. Lancaster, whose letter a correspondent, Mr. H. G. Watkins, sends us for publication—THE EDITOR.

Scutari,
November 10, 1854.

My dear Mary,

No doubt you think me very negligent in not writing to you before but I have been waiting for Sebastopol to fall so I might be able to give you the particulars but there has been another general engagement in which I am happy to say the allied troops are again the victors. The allies

have been very busily engaged since the last engagement throwing up entrenchments and mounting their siege guns and on the 17th of last month they commenced battering at the walls of Sebastopol and brought them down in several places but not sufficiently to ensure our Commander-in-chief in sending in a storming party, they being all the time troubled by an army of Cossacks in the rear. But Sunday last was the day appointed for the grand attack on the Fortress but by daybreak on that very morning the Russians made a sally from Sebastopol assisted by the Cossacks in our rear and I can tell you they were very near too many for the allies, driving our men from their guns at the point of the bayonet and the guns were retaken again by the French and I believe they were taken and retaken two or three times during the day. One Sergeant of ours has come down to-day (November 10) with 13 bayonet wounds about his body, and another with his leg blown off. There are 1600 wounded come in here to-day of the British alone so the loss on the part of the allies must have been very large indeed. The action lasted for about nine hours, the French got into Sebastopol during the fight and spiked the guns of the Russians and then the Russians were obliged to retire from their position into Sebastopol again and God knows when it will be taken. The Guards have suffered very severely and the 20th, 49th and 95th Regiments are nearly cut off, the 20th having only two officers and two men remaining. There are some frightful looking cases among the wounded. I saw one poor Russian carried up to hospital with the whole of his lower jaw and part of his tongue carried away by a piece of shell. I cannot think however how he had lived to come down this far for he cannot eat and must be fed with liquids. I expected to have gone to join my Battery to-day as there was a draft went up from here, three or four thousand men of the several Regiments, but the doctor told me I was not strong enough so I am obliged to remain here and thank God I am getting strong again and hope to take the field the next draft that goes up. The wounded men are dying here very fast; yesterday morning I saw 14 corpses carried from the Barrack to the General Hospital and this morning 12 and that is about the average daily of the dead. I wrote to Ann on September 30 and have not yet received an answer but expect to get one by the next mail. Our army are longing for Sebastopol to fall as the Army expects to be sent home then. I hope you will let Ann know I am well for it might be some time before I have an opportunity to write again if I join my Battery. I must now conclude having nothing more particular to tell you. Give my best love to Ann, Harry and to all inquiring friends and accept the same yourself from

Your affectionate Brother,

T. J. LANCASTER.

P.S.—Do write the first opportunity and let me know all particulars. Goodbye and God bless you.

CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS—XX

G. H. LEWES ON DICKENS AND CRITICISM

(In this series of previously published FORTNIGHTLY *articles these have been chosen for a number of reasons: either they review a now famous book, or their reviewer afterwards became famous, or he was already a famous figure speaking his mind about another equally famous, or about one who was later to be so. A further claim to inclusion is made for the treatment of a subject—then of pressing topical interest—which could be applied to, or point the moral of, or throw light on a problem of to-day. Although it is expected that their lessons will be instructive, this is incidental to the object of compiling a diverting anthology even when the writers are at their most serious.)*

Charles Dickens had died as recently as 1870, but long enough ago evidently for Lewes, who was the first editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY, to have shaken his thoughts free of emotion at the loss of a friend (and one moreover who was but 58). With these extracts from his article "Dickens in Relation to Criticism", readers may judge how acutely G. H. Lewes summed up the essential Dickens; here is affectionate clarity, lacking bias but not warmth. Surely too nobody has more skilfully unravelled the complexities of our response to and recoil from the novelist's appeal.

* * *

. . . THERE probably never was a writer of so vast a popularity whose genius was so little appreciated by the critics. The very splendour of his successes so deepened the shadow of his failures that to many eyes the shadows supplanted the splendour. Fastidious readers were loath to admit that a writer could be justly called great whose defects were so glaring. They admitted, because it was indisputable, that Dickens delighted thousands, that his admirers were found in all classes, and in all countries; that he stirred the sympathy of masses not easily reached through literature, and always stirred healthy, generous emotions; that he impressed a new direction on popular writing, and modified the literature of his age, in its spirit no less than in its form; but they nevertheless insisted on his defects as if these outweighed all positive qualities; and spoke of him either with condescending patronage, or with sneering irritation. Surely this is a fact worthy of investigation? Were the critics wrong, and if so, in what consisted their error? How are we to reconcile this immense popularity with this critical contempt? The private readers and the public critics who were eager to take up each successive number of his works as it appeared, whose very talk was seasoned with quotations from and allusions to these works, who, to my knowledge, were wont to lay aside books of which they could only speak

in terms of eulogy, in order to bury themselves in the "new number" when the well-known green cover made its appearance—were nevertheless at this very time niggard in their praise, and lavish in their scorn of the popular humorist . . .

. . . It will be enough merely to mention in passing the primary cause of his success, his overflowing fun, because even uncompromising opponents admit it. They may be ashamed of their laughter, but they laugh.

. . . Great as Dickens is in fun, so great that Fielding and Smollett are small in comparison, he would have been only a passing amusement for the world had he not been gifted with an imagination of marvellous vividness, and an emotional, sympathetic nature capable of furnishing that imagination with elements of universal power. Of him it may be said with less exaggeration than of most poets, that he was of "imagination all compact"; if the other higher faculties were singularly deficient in him, this faculty was imperial. He was a seer of visions; and his visions were of objects at once familiar and potent. Psychologists will understand both the extent and the limitation of the remark, when I say that in no other perfectly sane mind (Blake, I believe, was not perfectly sane) have I observed vividness of imagination approaching so closely to hallucination . . .

I am very far indeed from wishing to imply any agreement in the common notion that "great wits to madness nearly are allied"; on the contrary, my studies have led to the conviction that nothing is less like genius than insanity, although some men of genius have had occasional attacks; and further, that I have never observed any trace of the insane temperament in Dickens's works, or life, they being indeed singularly free even from the eccentricities which often accompany exceptional powers; nevertheless, with all due limitations, it is true that there is considerable light shed upon his works by the action of the imagination in hallucination. To him also revived images have the vividness of sensations; to him also created images have the coercive force of realities, excluding all control, all contradiction. What seems preposterous, impossible to us, seemed to him a simple fact of observation. When he imagined a street, a house, a room, a figure, he saw it not in the vague schematic way of ordinary imagination, but in the sharp definition of actual perception, all the salient details obtruding themselves on his attention. He, seeing it thus vividly, made us also see it . . .

This glorious energy of imagination is that which Dickens had in common with all great writers. It was this which made him a creator, and made his creations universally intelligible, no matter how fantastic and unreal. His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. Every humbug seemed a Pecksniff, every nurse a Gamp, every jovial improvident a Micawber, every stinted serving-wench a Marchioness. Universal experiences became individualized in these types; an

image and a name were given, and the image was so suggestive that it seemed to express all that it was found to recall, and Dickens was held to have depicted what his readers supplied. Against such power criticism was almost idle. In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks,—not characters, but personified characteristics, caricatures and distortions of human nature—the vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection: their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief . . . The imagination of the author laid hold of some well-marked physical trait, some peculiarity of aspect, speech, or manner which everyone recognized at once; and the force with which this was presented made it occupy the mind to the exclusion of all critical doubts: only reflection could detect the incongruity. Think of what this implies! Think how little the mass of men are given to reflect on their impressions, and how their minds are for the most part occupied with sensations rather than ideas, and you will see why Dickens held an undisputed sway. Give a child a wooden horse, with hair for mane and tail, and wafer-spots for colouring, he will never be disturbed by the fact that this horse does not move its legs, but runs on wheels—the general suggestion suffices for his belief . . . It may be said of Dickens's human figures that they too are wooden, and run on wheels; but these are details which scarcely disturb the belief of admirers. Just as the wooden horse is brought within the range of the child's emotions, and dramatizing tendencies, when he can handle and draw it, so Dickens's figures are brought within the range of the reader's interests, and receive from these interests a sudden illumination, when they are the puppets of a drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies. With a fine felicity of instinct he seized upon situations having an irresistible hold over domestic affections and ordinary sympathies. He spoke in the mother-tongue of the heart, and was always sure of ready listeners. He painted the life he knew, the life everyone knew; for if the scenes and manners were unlike those we were familiar with, the feelings and motives, the joys and griefs, the mistakes and efforts of the actors were universal, and therefore universally intelligible; so that even critical spectators who complained that these broadly painted pictures were artistic daubs, could not wholly resist their effective suggestiveness. He set in motion the secret springs of sympathy by touching the domestic affections. He painted nothing ideal, heroic; but all the resources of the *bourgeois* epic were in his grasp. The world of thought and passion lay beyond his horizon. But the joys and pains of childhood, the petty tyrannies of ignoble natures, the genial pleasantries of happy natures, the life of the poor, the struggles of the street and back parlour, the insolence of office, the sharp social contrasts, east-wind and Christmas jollity, hunger, misery, and hot punch—these he could deal with, so that we laughed and cried, were startled at the revelation of familiar facts hitherto unnoted, and felt our pulses quicken as we were hurried along with

him in his fanciful flight.

Such were the sources of his power. To understand how it is that critics quite competent to recognize such power, and even so far amenable to it as to be moved and interested by the works in spite of all their drawbacks, should have forgotten this undenied power, and written or spoken of Dickens with mingled irritation and contempt, we must take into account two natural tendencies—the bias of opposition, and the bias of technical estimate.

. . . Let us suppose a scientific book to be attracting the attention of Europe by the boldness, suggestiveness, and theoretic plausibility of its hypothesis; this work falls into the hands of a critic sufficiently grounded in the science treated to be aware that its writer, although gifted with great theoretic power and occasional insight into unexplored relations, is nevertheless pitiably ignorant of the elementary facts and principles of the science; the critic noticing the power, and the talent of lucid exposition, is yet perplexed and irritated at ignorance which is inexcusable, and a reckless twisting of known facts into impossible relations, which seems wilful; will he not pass from marvelling at this inextricable web of sense and nonsense, suggestive insight and mischievous error, so jumbled together that the combination of this sagacity with this glaring inefficiency is a paradox, and be driven by the anger of opposition into an emphatic assertion that the belauded philosopher is a charlatan and an ignoramus? A chorus of admirers proclaims the author to be a great teacher, before who all contemporaries must bow; and the critic observes his teacher on one page throwing out a striking hypothesis of some geometric relations in the planetary movements, and on another assuming that the hypothenuse is equal to its perpendicular and base, because the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of its sides—in one chapter ridiculing the atomic theory, and in another arguing that carbonic acid is obtained from carbon and nitrogen—can this critic be expected to join in the chorus of admirers? and will he not rather be exasperated into an opposition which will lead him to undervalue the undeniable qualities in his insistence on the undeniable defects?

Something like this is the feeling produced by Dickens's works in many cultivated and critical readers. They see there human character and ordinary events portrayed with a mingled verisimilitude and falsity altogether unexampled. The drawing is so vivid yet so incorrect, or else is so blurred and formless, with such excess of effort (as of a showman beating on the drum) that the doubt arises how an observer so remarkably keen could make observations so remarkably false, and miss such very obvious facts; how the rapid glance which could swoop down on a peculiarity with hawk-like precision; could overlook all that accompanied and was organically related to that peculiarity; how the eye for characteristics could be so blind to character, and the ear for dramatic idiom be so deaf to dramatic language; finally, how the writer's exquisite

susceptibility to the grotesque could be insensible to the occasional grotesqueness of his own attitude. Michelangelo is intelligible, and Giotto is intelligible; but a critic is nonplussed at finding the invention of Angelo with the drawing of Giotto. It is indeed surprising that Dickens should have observed man, and not been impressed with the fact that man is, in the words of Montaigne, *un être ondoyant et diverse.* And the critic is distressed to observe the substitution of mechanisms for minds, puppets for characters. It is needless to dwell on such monstrous failures as Mantalini, Rosa Dartle, Lady Dedlock, Esther Summerson, Mr. Dick, Arthur Gride, Edith Dombey, Mr. Carker—needless, because if one studies the successful figures one finds even in them only touches of verisimilitude. When one thinks of Micawber always presenting himself in the same situation, moved with the same springs, and uttering the same sounds, always confident on something turning up, always crushed and rebounding, always making punch—and his wife always declaring she will never part from him, always referring to his talents and her family—when one thinks of the " catchwords " personified as characters, one is reminded of the frogs whose brains have been taken out for physiological purposes, and whose actions henceforth want the distinctive peculiarity of organic action, that of fluctuating spontaneity. Place one of these brainless frogs on his back and he will at once recover the sitting posture; draw a leg from under him, and he will draw it back again; prick him and he will push away the object, or take *one* hop out of the way; stroke his back, and he will utter *one* croak. All these things resemble the actions of the unmutilated frog, but they differ in being *isolated* actions, and *always the same:* they are as uniform and calculable as the movements of a machine. The uninjured frog may or may not croak, may or may not hop away; the result is never calculable, and is rarely a single croak or a single hop. It is this complexity of the organism which Dickens wholly fails to conceive; his characters have nothing fluctuating and incalculable in them, even when they embody true observations; and very often they are creations so fantastic that one is at a loss to understand how he could, without hallucination, believe them to be like reality. There are dialogues bearing the traces of straining effort at effect, which in their incongruity painfully resemble the absurd and eager expositions which insane patients pour into the listener's ear when detailing their wrongs, or their schemes. Dickens once declared to me that every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him; I was at first not a little puzzled to account for the fact that he could hear language so utterly unlike the language of real feeling, and not be aware of its preposterousness; but the surprise vanished when I thought of the phenomena of hallucination. And here it may be needful to remark in passing that it is not because the characters are badly drawn and their language unreal, that they are to be classed among the excesses of imagination; otherwise all the bad novelists and dramatists would be credited

with that which they especially want—powerful imagination. His peculiarity is not the incorrectness of the drawing, but the vividness of the imagination which while rendering that incorrectness insensible to him, also renders it potent with multitudes of his fellowmen. For although his weakness comes from excess in one direction, the force which is in excess must not be overlooked; and it is overlooked or undervalued by critics who, with what I have called the bias of opposition, insist only on the weakness.

This leads me to the second point, the bias of technical estimate. The main purpose of art is delight. Whatever influences may radiate from that centre—and however it may elevate or modify— the one primary condition of influence is stirred emotion. No art can teach which does not move; no art can move without teaching. Criticism has to consider art under two aspects, that of emotional pleasure, and that of technical pleasure. We all—public and critics—are susceptible of the former, are capable of being moved, and are delighted with what stirs the emotions, filling the mind with images having emotional influence; but only the critics are much affected by technical skill, and the pleasure it creates. What is done, what is suggested, constitutes the first aspect; how it is done the second. We all delight in imitation, and in the skill which represents one object in another medium; but the refinements of skill can only be appreciated by study. To a savage there is so little suggestion of a human face and form in a painted portrait that it is not even recognized as the representation of a man; whereas the same savage would delight in a waxwork figure, or a wooden Scotchman at the door of a tobacconist. The educated eye sees exquisite skill in the portrait, a skill which gives exquisite delight; but this eye which traces and estimates the subtle effects of colour and distribution of light and shade in the portrait, turns with disgust from the wax figure, or the wooden Highlander. In the course of time the pleasure derived from the perception of difficulty overcome, leads to such a preponderance of the technical estimate, that the sweep of the brush, or the composition of lines, becomes of supreme importance, and the connoisseur no longer asks, what is painted? but, how is it painted? The *what* may be a patch of meadow, the bend of a river, or a street boy munching bread and cheese, and yet give greater delight by its *how*, than another picture which represented the Andes, Niagara, or a Madonna and Child. When the critic observes technical skill in a picture, he pronounces the painter to be admirable, and is quite unmoved by any great subject badly painted. In like manner a great poet is estimated by the greatness of his execution of great conceptions, not by the greatness of his intention.

How easily the critic falls into the mistake of overvaluing technical skill, and not allowing for the primary condition, how easily he misjudges works by applying to them technical rules derived from the works of others, need not here be dwelt on. What I wish to indicate is the bias of

technical estimate which, acting with that bias of opposition just noted, has caused the critics to overlook in Dickens the great artistic powers which are proved by his immense success; and to dwell only on those great artistic deficiencies which exclude him from the class of exquisite writers. He worked in delf, not in porcelain. But his prodigal imagination created in delf forms which delighted thousands. He only touched common life, but he touched to it "fine issues"; and since we are all susceptible of being moved by pictures of children in droll and pathetic situations, and by pictures of common suffering and common joy, any writer who can paint such pictures with sufficient skill to awaken these emotions is powerful in proportion to the emotion stirred. That Dickens had this skill is undisputed . . . Murders are perpetrated without stint, but the murder of Nancy is unforgettable. Children figure in numberless plays and novels, but the deaths of little Nell and little Paul were national griefs. Seduction is one of the commonest of tragedies, but the scene in Peggoty's boat-house burns itself into the memory. Captain Cuttle and Richard Swiveller, the Marchioness and Tilly Slowboy, Pecksniff and Micawber, Tiny Tim and Mrs. Gamp, may be imperfect presentations of human character, but they are types which no-one can forget . . . Readers to whom all the refinements of art and literature are as meaningless hieroglyphs, were at once laid hold of by the reproduction of their own feelings, their own experiences, their own prejudices, in the irradiating splendour of his imagination; while readers whose cultivated sensibilities were alive to the most delicate and evanescent touches were, by virtue of their common nature, ready to be moved and delighted at his pictures and suggestions. The cultivated and uncultivated were affected by his admirable *mise en scène*, his fertile invention, his striking selection of incident, his intense vision of physical details. Only the cultivated who are made fastidious by cultivation paused to consider the pervading commonness of the works, and remarked that they are wholly without glimpses of a nobler life; and that the writer presents an almost unique example of a mind of singular force in which, so to speak, sensations never passed into ideas. Dickens sees and feels, but the logic of feeling seems the only logic he can manage. Thought is strangely absent from his works. I do not suppose a single thoughtful remark on life or character could be found throughout the 20 volumes. Not only is there a marked absence of the reflective tendency, but one sees no indication of the past life of humanity having ever occupied him; keenly as he observes the objects before him, he never connects his observations into a general expression, never seems interested in general relations of things. Compared with that of Fielding or Thackeray, his was an intelligence restricted to perceptions. On this ground his early education was more fruitful and less injurious than it would have been to a nature constructed on a more reflective and intellectual type. It furnished him with rare and valuable experience, early developed his sympathies with the lowly

and struggling, and did not starve any intellectual ambition. He never was and never would have been a student.

My acquaintance with him began soon after the completion of *Pickwick*. Something I had written on that book pleased him, and caused him to ask me to call on him. (It is pleasant for me to remember that I made Thackeray's acquaintance in a similar way.) He was then living in Doughty Street; and those who remember him at that period will understand the somewhat disturbing effect produced on my enthusiasm for the new author by the sight of his bookshelves, on which were ranged nothing but three-volume novels and books of travel, all obviously the presentation copies from authors and publishers, with none of the treasures of the bookstall, each of which has its history, and all giving the collection its individual physiognomy. A man's library expresses much of his hidden life. I did not expect to find a bookworm, nor even a student, in the marvellous 'Boz'; but nevertheless this collection of books was a shock. He shortly came in, and his sunny presence quickly dispelled all misgivings. He was then, as to the last, a delightful companion, full of sagacity as well as animal spirits; but I came away more impressed with the fulness of life and energy than with any sense of distinction. I believe I only saw him once more before I went to Germany, and two years had elapsed when next we met. While waiting in his library (in Devonshire Terrace) I of course glanced at the books. The well-known paper boards of the three-volume novel no longer vulgarized the place; a goodly array of standard works, well-bound, showed a more respectable and conventional ambition; but there was no physiognomy in the collection. A greater change was visible in Dickens himself. In these two years he had remarkably developed. His conversation turned on graver subjects than theatres and actors, periodicals and London life. His interest in public affairs, especially in social questions, was keener. He still remained completely outside philosophy, science, and the higher literature, and was too unaffected a man to pretend to feel any interest in them. But the vivacity and sagacity which gave a charm to intercourse with him had become weighted with a seriousness which from that time forward became more and more prominent in his conversation and his writings. He had already learned to look upon the world as a scene where it was the duty of each man in his own way to make the lot of the miserable Many a little less miserable; and, having learned that his genius give him great power, he was bent on using that power effectively. He gave us his best. If the effort were sometimes too strained, and the desire for effect too obtrusive, there was no lazy indulgence, no trading on a great renown, no "scumbling" in his work. "Whatever I have tried to do in life," he said, speaking through Copperfield, "I have tried with all my heart to do well. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I now find to have been my golden rules." . . .

February, 1872.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

ALL HUMAN HISTORY

By T. J. O. Hickey

In the first six volumes of *A Study of History* which were published before the last war Dr. Toynbee not only distinguished the 21 or possibly 30 civilizations of mankind that were to be the subject of comparative study but followed their fortunes from birth to growth, breakdown and disintegration. It might have been supposed there was little still to be delivered except perhaps a funeral oration. The appearance now of four more volumes, as stout as the others and with smaller print, speaks otherwise. These latest volumes* contain further studies of universal states (which, it will be remembered, are the phase which places the stamp of death on sick civilizations) of universal churches, which are found to be the chief beneficiaries of these states, and of the various encounters between different civilizations. The author also includes a consideration of the operation of freedom and necessity in history, an essay on historiography and, with some show of reluctance, like a soprano at an evening party who has brought her music, a review of the immediate prospects of western civilization. So, with a long and generous list of acknowledgments, which includes even the Albert Memorial, ends a work which it would he hard to match for grandeur of design and thoroughness of execution. It is an oecumenical Gibbon, "where there is neither Greek nor Jew, . . . Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." All human history is brought under one dispensation.

The majestic design which Dr. Toynbeen educed from man's history in the earlier parts of his work remains unaltered except in one important respect: churches are given prior importance in the scheme of things to civilizations. In the author's teleology the *raison d'être* of civilizations ceases to be their terrestial achievements and becomes their capacity for giving rise to higher religions. They are to be valued according to their possession of this capacity, and judged according to whether they advance the spiritual welfare of men. It will readily be seen that although historical evidence is adduced to support this revision it is the outcome of metaphysical and theological speculation. There is much of both in these volumes and it constitutes their most eloquent passages. Dr. Toynbee reveals himself as profoundly, though from the point of view of orthodoxy nebulously, religious.

In the comparative study of civilizations the author shows all his old mastery of his data, his originality of imagery and coherence of argument. He can keep the histories of anything up to 21 separate civilizations in play simultaneously. His erudition is astonishing, so is his ability to schematize. He generalizes in the most intrepid manner. As the reader searches his own rusty knowledge of two or possibly three of these civilizations, for a counter-instance to some specially sweeping assertion, Dr. Toynbee anticipates him by producing half a dozen which in their turn breed other generalizations. One must be very learned or very sceptical not to submit, at least while the spell is working. It is like gazing into the flames of a log fire with a more imaginative companion; he points out the dragons and knights and the flowered forest appearing and vanishing and reappearing in the flickering heat. Certainly one sees them—but

* *A Study of History, Vols. VII-X.* By Arnold Toynbee. Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford University Press. Vols. VII-IX, 42s. each. Vol. X, 31s. 6d. £7 10s. the set.

are they really there?

To read these volumes is to have the mind stretched. It is not only that one encounters a mass of totally new information and may even retain a little of it; familiar things look quite different in Dr. Toynbee's framework. One example: the *aeternae urbis moenia* of Rome, so frequently celebrated at the opening of the Pax Augusta—with some justification, one had always thought, since Rome remained puissant and inviolate for another 400 years, not eternity perhaps but a longish span in the flux of human affairs. But for Dr. Toynbee the Roman Empire is the already senile body of Hellenic civilization sick unto death, and he chides these panegyrists for their officious assiduity in keeping the patient alive.

Particular interest attaches to Dr. Toynbee's long dissertation on freedom and necessity in history, for his theories have been held to entail determinism, though he himself has denied the conclusion. It is a pity therefore that in approaching this treacherous ground, where the utmost clarity and precision is required if one is not to flounder about, he is at his most polemical and similitudinous. This makes the argument easy to read but difficult to follow. There is, for instance, a section of four pages with the promising title "Definition of Terms", in which one of the two terms is "law", but no definition of this crucial concept is arrived at, at least none that is remotely acceptable. Dr. Toynbee appears to distinguish two kinds of law operative in human history, "the law of God" which is the execution of His purpose, and "laws of nature" which have the regularity of cyclic motion—the day-night cycle is the prototype. The revolutions of the latter advance the purposes of the former.

> The astronomical day-cycle and year-cycle are transcended in the cumulative experience and endeavour of a human being's life-time. A life-time is subject to a biological generation-cycle, and this in turn is transcended in the cumulative experiences and endeavours of a human society in process of civilization. A civilization is subject to the menacing possibility (though not an inexorable predetermined doom) of breaking down and disintegrating . . .

But if the "law" operative in the careers of civilizations is of a kind with the day-night cycle, as is here suggested, then it *is* "inexorable". If it is not inexorable then it is not on a level with laws of nature such as the day-night cycle, and its status remains unexplained.

Another approach to the difficulty is equally unsatisfactory. Dr. Toynbee points out that men adapt themselves to and harness for their purposes laws of inanimate nature, though they cannot revoke or amend them. He suggests the same goes for such laws of human affairs as the trade cycle and certain of his own formulation like the peace-war cycle. There is clearly something wrong with this argument. The latter kind of laws are established by observing regularities in human affairs; their validity requires these regularities to remain regular. For men to be able to "adapt themselves" to them in the sense of avoiding their incidence (and the postulation of freedom demands no less) would constitute a breach of the law in a way that ballooning is not a breach of the law of gravity. Either the law is unbreachable or it is not a "law of nature". In fact the status of Dr. Toynbee's rhythmical regularities in history remains in doubt. The most likely solution is the unexciting one that where they are validly observed they are no more than tendencies of a very abstract kind. They should cause no more alarm than Lord Acton's dictum "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely" over which no one loses any sleep through being haunted by determinism. The regularities Dr. Toynbee perceives may be better founded on account of his empirical methods but this does not translate them into Fate, Doom or Destiny.

Indeed when one comes to his review of future prospects little is heard of laws of nature, but much of possibilities, probabilities and precedents, which are common to all prognostications. There is none other than the conventional

logical weapons employed in forecasting the winner of a horse-race. To summarize his conclusion in a review seems almost like giving away the *dénouement* of a novel—besides there is no room; though it may be revealed, to allay the worst fears, that there are at least signs that "a shatteringly Wagnerian overture" to mid-twentieth century history "may resolve itself into a prosaically Benthamite anti-climax." But Dr. Toynbee has no nap to give his readers. His rehearsal of possibilities is more like the detached *tour d'horizon* which *The Times* publishes on the morning of the Derby which at least brings home the extraordinary difficulty of making a sure selection. But the weight of study which lies behind this review of prospects, the width of the author's experience and his oecumenical sympathies give his views a rare claim to the most serious consideration.

POLITICS IN POST-WAR FRANCE, by Philip Williams. *Longmans.* 35*s.*

Political events of the past few weeks have deepened rather than dispelled the attitude of mind defined in the opening sentences of Mr. Williams's book. He writes: "The British have never had much respect for the political capacity of their nearest neighbour. Official and ministerial circles too often share the view of the man in the street that the French are congenitally incapable of governing themselves properly . . . and had better revert to autocracy." The reader must judge for himself; but *tout comprendre* may not be quite the same as *tout pardonner*. Certainly, however, Mr. Williams helps one to understand the labyrinthine underworld of the political parties, how and why the constitution works and does not work, and has given an excellent guide to the chaotic no-man's land of the French political system.

But the guide in this somewhat arid region offers no easy solutions. The faults in the political structure of France are the result of her historical and geographical background: the failure of the Reformation; 1789 which gave social stability at the price of political flux; the over-centralized administrative and police system of Napoleon; the traditional *incivisme*-intensified in the war —which made so many Frenchmen regard the State "as an enemy personified in the tax collector and the recruiting sergeant." This is the past of France and no country can dismiss its history at the wave of any one politician's wand. Of this Mr. Williams is continually and acutely aware and his book therefore contains analysis and description but no quick cures for the patient.

A brief historical survey of the Fourth Republic ends with the fall of M. Laniel's government some months ago. It is followed by a detailed and documented analysis of the history, organization, clientèle and main characteristics of each of the major political parties. The account of the structure and working of the Communist party is particularly fascinating. In a section on the minor parties Mr. Williams hacks a way through the jungle of initials: the U.D.S.R., the R.G.R., the Trotskyist P.C.I., the Taxpayers Defence Movement, the Association of Beetroot Growers, the Algerian and Madagascar nationalist groups. The constitutional problem is set against this background of genuine political variety in the Fourth Republic where "a popular majority were opposed to positive government." It is in such a disastrous setting that the major problems of the relationship of Presidency and the Premiership, of Assembly and the Government, and the power of the Committee System are examined skilfully and lucidly. In a fourth section the day to day working of the Republic's political system is described in detail.

This is a valuable and timely book. Both in its text and appendices, and in its scholarly argument, many of the fashionable platitudes (hopeful and derogatory) about modern French political society are exposed. It will help

those who want to understand—and perhaps forgive.

ROBERT BLACKBURN

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES, by Sir Alan Burns. *George Allen & Unwin.* 70*s.*

The West Indian—the coloured West Indian, that is, who now virtually dominates the political scene—lives very much with his history. The consequences of it are palpably all about him, and it is in great part his awareness of a tragic past that accounts for his hair-trigger emotions: his readiness to take offence, his equal readiness to return generously genuine interest and affection. Too often a half-felt resentment of inherited wrongs colours his outlook and can easily bedevil his relations with persons of other races; slights, especially on the score of colour, are exaggerated or imagined, and benefits accepted as no more than overdue and inadequate recompense for the great crime of slavery.

The books and poetry of West Indian writers, the utterances of West Indian politicians, constantly betray this shallow-buried obsession with history. It is therefore most important that one should be able to see West Indian history entire. It is a dark, unhappy story. A cloud of savagery seems to overhang so much of it, from the barbarities of the Caribs, matched by the Spanish settlers in the name of their God, to the massacres that marked the wars of the seventeenth century and the inhumanity of the colonists, French, Dutch, and English, not only to their African slaves but scarcely less to their white servants. The enslavement of so many West Africans may be the greatest crime recorded in it, but it does not stand alone.

It is surprising that no comprehensive history of the Caribbean should have been written before. Sir Alan Burns, who was born in S. Kitts, served in the Leeward Islands and the Bahamas, and governed British Honduras, is well qualified to undertake one. He has called it a history of the British West Indies; but he takes in, not only the two mainland territories and the Bahamas, which are not within the British West Indies properly so-called, but also Bermuda, which may belong with the West Indies historically but is far distant from them geographically. More, he records in considerable detail the history of the non-British territories in the region, even where (for example, the transfer of the Danish Virgin Islands to the U.S.A.) the repercussions on the British territories were small.

Sir Alan's narrative is detailed and documented to the last degree. The kind of sidelights on history that one generally expects to encounter in footnotes (and which were all that one remembered at school) here take their place in the main text, so that a picture of pre-Raphaelite clarity is created. The earlier chapters are the best, in which the whole region can be comprehended in a single continuing narrative. Later the largely independent development of the different settlements results in a sort of fragmentation, and more and more sub-heads appear to mark fissures in the story. The reduction of the twentieth century history to a mere table of events covering less than five pages is a serious disappointment for which nothing on the title-page or in the preface prepares one. Thirteen appendices include the texts of a number of important documents, examples of cruelty by the Spaniards and by the British (not by any means always to slaves), and an impressive bibliography of sources consulted.

R. H. YOUNG

THE TRANSFER OF POWER IN INDIA, by E. W. R. Lumby. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

As a clear unbiased, almost frigidly impartial summary of the last two years of British rule in India and of the reasons which, in 1947, prompted the British to hand over power to two successor States, Pakistan and Bharat, rather than to an "All-India" government, Mr. Lumby's book serves a useful purpose. For the student who has not

made his own summary of the parliamentary papers relating to recent constitutional developments in the British Commonwealth of Nations, the author's detailed examination of the various stages leading to partition—the Cripps Offer, the Simla Conference, the Cabinet Mission, the Interim Government, and the Constituent Assembly—will serve as a valuable guide.

Unfortunately the author has no first-hand knowledge of India which would appear to be an essential qualification for the writing of Indian history. The truth of the dictum that the roots of the present lie deep buried in the past is nowhere more apparent than in India where the present lies cheek by jowl with the past. To understand the reasons for the transfer of power in India and for the vivisection of the sub-continent into two independent States, it is essential to make a close study of Indian history, especially the communal problem and the growth of Indianization. For readers who have no knowledge of Muslim rule in India the introductory chapter is inadequate. More should have been made of the differences between Islam and Hinduism. The author, where he contends that, until the political element was injected into the conflict, the two communities lived peacefully side by side, under-estimates the fundamental religious cleavage. Surely it may also be contended that without the religious cleavage the political problem would never have arisen. Some writers go further than Mr. Lumby and believe that in time there would have been a cultural synthesis of these two religions. This ignores the fact that Islam is a religion of the desert, monotheistic, iconoclastic, and democratic; whereas Hinduism is a religion of the forest and the jungle, all-absorbing, idolatrous, and aristocratic.

For a book of this nature there should be more frequent and more specific references to the sources on which the author has relied. The student of Indian affairs has a right to know the author's authority for his generalizations, for example, the reasons for Lord Wavell's replacement by Lord Mountbatten. The best chapter in the book is that which deals with the problem presented by the former Indian States, though even here, one would have wished for a more detailed examination of the treatment meted out to Junagadh, Hyderabad, and Kashmir. Apart then from the inadequacies of the introductory chapter, this book contains the best account of the period 1945 to 1948 so far published. It will probably remain so until we are in a position to read the detailed correspondence of Lord Wavell, and especially that of Lord Mountbatten. Judging from the reluctance of the Foreign Office and the Commonwealth Relations Office to disclose their secrets, this will not be for at least another 50 years.

C. COLLIN DAVIES

SOCIAL MOBILITY IN BRITAIN, edited by D. V. Glass. *Routledge & Kegan Paul.* 36*s.*

Adam Smith taught that what he called "the desire of bettering our condition" comes with us at birth and remains throughout life, and is "frequently powerful enough to maintain the natural progress of things towards improvement, in spite both of the extravagance of government and the greatest errors of administration." In the present volume, Dr. D. V. Glass and his collaborators have produced a valuable and interesting body of information on the working of this and other factors making for social mobility. The book is valuable on account not only of the facts brought to light, but of its contributions to the technique of social investigation. Its appearance marks an important advance in the scientific study of social phenomena.

The book gives the main results of a scheme of investigations carried out in the Department of Sociological and Demographic Research of the London School of Economics, its purpose being to present "a general picture of social status and social mobility in Britain." The first aim was to formulate a hierarchy of social strata, using occupation

as a basis for classification, and a series of seven occupational groups, arranged in order of social prestige, was adopted as a standard for the inquiries to be undertaken. The highest group is defined as "Professional and High Administrative", and the lowest as "Unskilled Manual". The next aim was to obtain the life histories—in respect of social origins, education, occupation, marriage, and fertility—of a sample of 10,000 adults, representative of the adult population of Great Britain, the field work being carried out by the interviewers of the Government Social Survey. The standard scale of occupations was then applied to the data so elicited in order to study, not occupations as such, but variations in social levels. In addition to these two central studies, the book describes six inquiries into special aspects of social mobility, one of the most interesting being a study of self-recruitment in the professions of teaching, medicine, law, and the Church.

The investigations reveal a considerable degree of social fluidity in contemporary Britain; important changes in status, upward and downward, take place between successive generations. It was found that of the men whose fathers were included in the highest social category, over 60 per cent. were in lower categories, while of the men whose fathers were in the lowest category over 70 per cent, were found in higher categories than their fathers. In the main, however, the shifts, upward and downward, were not extensive; the sons tended to be fairly close to their fathers' levels. The Education Act of 1944 will doubtless greatly increase mobility in this country. Though many years must elapse before its effects on our community life become fully apparent, Dr. Glass concludes that it is "already evident that, proportionately, far more 'working class' children are now going to grammar schools and are thus overcoming the first hurdle in the path to university or professional education and to occupations of relatively high social status."

G. F. McCLEARY

THE HOME OFFICE, by Frank Newsam, Permanent Under-Secretary Of State. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

An authoritative and up-to-date survey of the Government departments is badly needed. The Royal Institute of Public Administration is therefore doing a useful piece of work by sponsoring under the general title of "The new Whitehall series" a sequence of volumes which will describe the main functions and activities of each department. It is fitting that the first volume should deal with the Home Office, which covers such a wide range of responsibilities, including some of great historical interest.

The origin of the Home Secretary's office goes far back into history, and his functions in maintaining the Queen's peace and how police powers developed from the inefficiency of local magistrates and the incompetence of parish constables are described. But it is not only the police with whom he is concerned in the maintenance of order, he is also responsible for taking action in all kinds of emergencies such as in the flood disaster last year. As showing the gradual extension of his responsibilities detailed consideration is given to the development of the fire services and civil defence. The Home Secretary is, however, not concerned only with the public well-being as a whole but also with the intimate personal affairs of individuals through his general responsibility for the control of aliens, their admission to this country, their naturalization, and their deportation.

Perhaps the chapter on the royal prerogative of mercy will be of more general interest than any other part of the book. It is recorded that in the Home Secretary's room there is a framed card bearing particulars of persons lying under sentence of death. Engraved on the frame are the words from Juvenal: *Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.* "You can never hesitate too long before deciding that a man must die." The chapters on the administration of justice, the probation service and the prison service will be of

special interest to those who are concerned as magistrates and others in the administration of justice. But the Home Secretary has many miscellaneous duties and may be described as the residuary legatee being responsible for all home affairs which do not come within the jurisdiction of any other Minister.

The book includes a vast amount of information which will make it very valuable as a book of reference in any library. It is, however, more than this; it is a readable book, full of general interest and written in a manner different from the ordinary run of official reports even although they have improved in recent years. The author has done well in describing the principles which underlie the part played by the Home Office in the preservation of order and the maintenance of civil liberty and has also given a good account of the relationships which exist between the Home Office and the local authorities in administering the various services with which they are both concerned. Sir Frank Newsam has set a high standard to those who follow.

JOHN MOSS

BERNADETTE AND LOURDES, by Michel de Saint-Pierre (translated by Edward Fitzgerald). *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

MARY MAGDALENE, by R. L. Bruckberger (translated by H. L. Binnse). *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These two books show something of that easy tolerance and frank squaring-up to scepticism that one often encounters in religious studies from the continent. Both writers are clearly devout Catholics, but they are not purveying homilies.

Certainly at the time when Bernadette Soubirous had her extraordinary experience at the grotto near Lourdes free thought in France was in the mood to be affronted by a story of celestial visitation. Not long before, another peasant girl (like Bernadette, in poor health) had claimed to have been favoured with supernatural visions and to have received Holy Communion from heavenly hands. In the church where she prayed a picture of Christ started to bleed. An ecclesiastical commission exposed the affair as fraudulent and the parish priest was proved to have been a party to the deception.

So the Church had good reasons for caution when Bernadette, the 14-year-old child of a poverty-stricken quarryman, claimed to have seen a beautiful lady who said that she was the Immaculate Conception (the doctrine had recently been pontifically defined). During most of the 18 occasions of the apparition big crowds were present and there is a considerable body of testimony to the genuineness of her ecstasy; she was seen digging (at the behest of the lady, she said) in the soil with her hands until a muddy stream of water flowed. Cures took place when the sick were immersed. But four years went by before the Bishop of Tarbes, "having invoked the light of the holy Spirit and the assistance of the Blessed Virgin" and having before him the report of a commission of inquiry which included doctors, announced that the Faithful might with complete confidence believe in the appearances and that "the Immaculate Mary, Mother of God, truly appeared to Bernadette Soubirous." The anti-clerical *Le Siècle* spoke of "a vast conspiracy organized by the clerical party against any advance of the human spirit" and Zola thought Bernadette "*une irregulière de l'hysterie.*"

Bernadette became a nun under a superioress who was obsessed with the notion that the girl must be protected against temptations to fall into the sin of pride and who diligently humiliated her. The novice-mistress used to wonder why "if the Holy Virgin wished to appear somewhere in the world, did she choose to appear to a coarse and uneducated peasant." Bernadette died at the age of 35; she had been coughing blood and had suffered pain from several illnesses for years. In 1952, two million people visited the grotto.

Though this most interesting and dignified book is free from pious demure-

ness, it cannot be described as a complete exposition because it does not really go into the question of a natural explanation for both the apparitions and the cures. M. de Saint-Pierre does indeed take cognisance of the difficulties of the unconverted and he quotes a sceptic looking at the many crutches suspended in front of the grotto: "I won't believe all this until the day you can show me a wooden leg up there amongst the crutches." At Lourdes an amputated limb has never grown again. And M. de Saint-Pierre believes that it is contrary to the divine will that the laws of nature should ever be violated. Therefore, the supposed miraculous cures were not really so, on a strict definition. Alexis Carrel was stimulated to search for the secret of cellular multiplication because of Lourdes, and Dr. Merlin wrote: "In the light of the happening at Lourdes it is high time we revised our ideas about the long list of sicknesses we have come to regard as incurable."

R. L. Bruckberger, O.P. has written a scholarly account of Mary Magdalene's progress from belief in the teaching of Plato that "the beauty of bodies is a means to attain wisdom" to conviction of the truth of a contrary philosophy. Or, this is what he seems to do. However, there is something fugitive in his outline of Mary's conversion. One wonders whether Mary developed a stable and clear intellectual understanding of Christ's teaching. He had cured her of disease, and she accepted Him entirely in the sense that her loyalty and devotion were unqualified. Can we be sure of more than that?

Father Bruckberger writes brilliantly of Mary as a courtesan and an imitator of Phryne and he has laboured to good purpose among the sources, pagan as

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HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

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well as Christian. On the background to Mary's career particularly he is very readable and at the same time profound. His method is well illustrated in this passage:

> It would be astonishing if Phryne had not known Plato. If it was not she, it was a woman like her whom he introduced into the *Symposium*, a woman before whom Socrates himself kept in the background, and to whom Plato gave the task of expounding the highest teaching concerning love, beauty, and the means of achieving contemplation. The most famous of Greek sages thus paid tribute to the superior wisdom of a woman whose striking beauty and experience of love served for all as irrefutable evidence of the friendship of the gods.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE

GRAND MAN. Memories of Norman Douglas, by Nancy Cunard. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*

The younger generation who may have missed their Douglas and are wondering where best to begin on him will find this book the perfect guide and introduction. For the enthusiast it is an indispensable footnote; and for the sceptic misled by certain waspish personal comment, it supplies a healthy implicit corrective. Douglas was so honest, unequivocal and straightforward in his encounters that even the briefest acquaintanceship could show you one corner of the genuine man. But Miss Cunard writes out of an unbroken, understanding friendship lasting 29 years —the friendship of two who shared a common language of appreciation, humour, spiritual independence and addiction to the fast-fading pleasures in a darkening prospect.

They had been introduced by the Sitwell brothers in a Florentine *trattoria*—the congenial setting—when she was 27 and he was 54. Later, he was one of the authors she published through her private printing press in Paris. And in 1938 they went on a glowing, adventurous journey through Tunisia. The war, that destroyed the press and drove the ageing Douglas into London's bombing, kept them apart awhile, and became a foreground to their restless meetings in a harassed Europe. Finally came Douglas's return to Capri for his last sheltered years among a few staunch friends. All this Miss Cunard describes, or ponders, with reminiscent joy and tenderness in the form of a "Letter to Norman" that occupies the main bulk of the book. Douglas, perverse and independent, comes and goes here rather like a spirit in Shelley's manner, most incisive, worldly and ironically conversant, and then abruptly undiscoverable, heard of in Lisbon, rumoured in the States (but falsely), or dashing off to the family castle in Scotland. Miss Cunard, though, has caught his essence for us in the preceding section. With a confidence and gusto that seem borrowed from his own mentality, she has travelled the Douglas character, sketching that siren land with scores of intimate, gay and delicate touches, reproducing the very voice and manner of him, penetrating his oddities and brusquenesses, retaining the sparkle of the passing jest. In Italy, where more than half his life was spent, there might be an abrupt rage over the shortcoming of a restaurant:

> Fascinating then were the dynamics projected, the speed with which it all went off. And then suddenly, *boompst*—all over, subsiding into the charming national conclusion "*Pazienza!*" rapped out with a shake of the head.

As this passage suggests, there is nothing formal or academic about Miss Cunard's way of approach. Her book is largely a conversation piece, the record of table talk made while it still lingers on the air. Nothing is lush or over-sentimentalized; all is written in close sympathy with a creative and uncomprising spirit who was also a most genial and perceptive friend. The volume ends with some personal essays by others who knew him; notably Mr. Kenneth Macpherson who was for long his companion on Capri and gives a lively picture of a typical day in his last years. Mr. Cecil Woolf adds a note on his bibliography; and Miss Cunard's own chronological and interpretive summary of publications takes its flavour, to some degree, from *Late Harvest* and should on no account be passed over be-

cause it appears in small type. No doubt a full-dress biography of Douglas must appear in due course; meanwhile Miss Cunard is a wholly enjoyable Boswell who will be, or ought to be, lavishly drawn on for the major work.

SYLVA NORMAN

THE RURAL MUSE, by Rayner Unwin. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Lovers of the countryside live and die in debt to James Thomson, John Clare and George Crabbe; in lesser degree they stand beholden to Robert Bloomfield, Stephen Duck and William Barnes. It follows that a study of the peasant poetry of England should have a wide appeal. Mr. Rayner Unwin has written such a study and called it *The Rural Muse*, but his approach is that of an erudite critic, not of an ardent admirer, of a townsman not of a countryman. Terribly in earnest, he seems to exude culture at every pore; his prose, full of the fruits of reading, is void of music. He is inclined to be self-conscious too, even pontifical, to forget that he is dealing with much that was in its essence simple. He leaves the impression that his views are for the lecture room, rather than the study. How many of those he writes about could have followed him? Surely the rural muse should appeal to the heart before the head and not be written with condescension, lest one be reminded, however regretfully, of what Erasmus wrote about critics and posts.

Along the road of life the countryman who turns to books has been greatly cheered by Thomson, Clare, Crabbe, Bloomfield and the rest. It follows that to see men he has learned to love buried beneath a mound of carefully chosen but ponderous phrases may excite divers emotions, but neither satisfaction nor gratitude will be dominant among them. What some of us may reasonably seek is for due emphasis on the simplicity and homeliness of the poets' utterances, a selection of what is best, and constant memory of that line of Coleridge, "to be the best is but the fewest faults to have." The critic would do well to understand why successive generations have turned to the rural muse and found pleasure and understanding. Limitations, faults and failings, being the common heritage of mankind, should not concern us; we should be content to praise and forget to appraise. We want to find our appreciation enlarged, to be placed in still closer communion with those to whom "The Seasons", "The Village", "The Farmer's Boy" and "Shepherd's Calendar" have brought enduring pleasure. In short the man who writes of the rural muse should deal with it to the exclusion of all that may seem long-winded or irrelevant. He must remember Erasmus and "be merciful to men of mould."

S. L. BENSUSAN

SEDGEMOOR AND AVALON (The Regional Books), by Desmond Hawkins. *Robert Hale.* 18*s.*

UNDER DARTMOOR HILLS, by D. St. Leger-Gordon. *Robert Hale.* 16*s.*

These books bear a resemblance to each other in only one particular, and that is the way in which their authors have cultivated regional and parochial strips intensively so that past and present are seen as part of a whole. Mr. Hawkins writes with historical and topographical assurance, to offer a personal portrait of the lowlands of Somerset lying between the Mendips and the Quantocks; and Mr. Gordon adopts a benevolently antiquarian attitude toward village people and occupations on the northern tip of Dartmoor.

Few names in England can be more evocative than those of Sedgemoor and Avalon, instantly recalling images of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion and of Arthur's mythical kingdom. Mr. Hawkins penetrates into the variety and individuality of Somerset, so that his 20 chapters on facets of life and history are vignettes full of a restrained competence. He begins with a general description of the terrain, whetting the appetite for what is to follow by judicious references to Glastonbury, where

"the first altar was raised on British soil, in the wattle church set up by the earliest missionaries." Here are the origins of our spiritual history, and the names of Arthur and Camelot, of Wedmore, Alfred and Athelney reverberate in the mind like echoes in a timeless cavern.

There are chapters on landscape and character, on rivers and man-made waterways, on Glastonbury's medieval abbey and the legend of the Holy Thorn with its tantalizing connection with St. Joseph of Arimathea, on St. Dunstan and the Normans, Arthur and Avalon. What is certainly the chief merit of this well-written work is the way in which the balance is held between the intricacies of history and mythology and the rural realities. The characteristic features of this region are not overshadowed by the lingering majesty of centuries, instead tradition is fused with the craftsmanship and work in which men are still involved to-day.

As a topographer Mr. Hawkins looks with a keen eye at a region that he sees as a place where the distinctive themes are the withy-bed and peat-cutter's territory. His book has an excellent bibliography even if the index does not rise to a level one would have wished for as an aid in this exciting pilgrimage through a wonderland.

Mr. Gordon's first six chapters are devoted to a study of Celtic 'trevs' or settlements, the Norman manor, the relationship between manor courts and various moorland rights, and the way in which church and chapel affected village growth. Wisely he has elected to study people in terms of the work they perform. The "sons of the soil", he suggests, adopt a nostalgic attitude toward conditions that have passed away; and the "lords of the soil" are now made up of two classes—the genuine farmer and the pseudo-farmer.

When he considers village industries and village craftsmen this writer tells us much about these isolated communities where the rate of change is slower than in many other areas. A foundry still exists in Mr. Gordon's own village of Sticklepath, much as it was at the time of inauguration in 1816. The older types of craftsmen such as the wool-sorter, weaver and hurdler-maker have disappeared because the demand for their work no longer exists, but the spirit of the craftsman remains.

In writing of the country clergyman, Mr. Gordon springs too readily to the defence of the "sporting parson" and would recommend such an out-moded representative of a vanished order because "he is almost invariably popular, being recognized as a good sportsman." Just as Mr. Hawkins is able to command our assent by means of persuasiveness and a demonstration of sensitivity and spiritual understanding, so Mr. Gordon tends to provoke the opposite because there is a dogmatism in his reasoning, and he appears to have been unready to study with sufficient care the vast revolution which has taken place in rural places within the last half century, and has extended even unto the fastnesses of Dartmoor.

E. W. MARTIN

EARTH, by Emil Zola. *Elek* 15*s.*
THE MERCENARY, by Jacques Robert. *Staples.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
THE FALL OF A TITAN, by Igor Gouzenko. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

There is elemental poetry in Zola's mighty, muck-spread *Earth* but somewhere about half-way a great novel of peasant life becomes a Bacchanalian orgy. The nobility that drained from the French soul, as the blood drained from the body, during the Revolution and the Napoleonic campaigns, is altogether absent in Zola's France on the eve of 1870. *Earth* is the saga of the Fouan family whose love for one another is as Cain's for Abel. The earth is a faithless mistress. Superstition even to the extent of blasphemous black magic returns. Self-seeking and brutality are everywhere and, at the end, a miasma of wickedness hangs like marsh gas over the plain of *La Beauce.* War looms, incomprehensible, feared, but to Jean, the nearest approach to a sympathetic

character in the book, an escape from grief. The unrighteous triumph; a joyless victory... Throughout, Zola's zest for the bawdy gives an artistic unbalance and at the end, as always, he overstates his case. Suffering swamps humanity and the book is without the significance of moral conflict. The French peasant is allowed appetites but, in general, denied a heart. His darkest side parades as the whole man.

Jacques Robert's characters in *The Mercenary* are more articulate than Zola's peasants—they have minds as well as bowels—but they are just as much conditioned by environment. To them nature is no more than the weather in the streets and in the self-styled home of culture we view, aghast, the pathetic aping of, of all things, Hollywood models. The hero, Louis Commandeur, a typical young Frenchman, is for most of the book too self-absorbed and insensitive to notice that he is making his nice little wife unhappy. The journalist is shown here as a creative artist *manqué*, at best an interpretative one, and being that sort of animal he is entitled, it is suggested, to sell his soul to Mammon. Rapture and 'the life of the soul' exist—but have no place in the struggle for survival. The thrills of reporting are authentically conveyed but M. Robert, we may suspect, shares something of the naïveté of his hero and our suspension of disbelief is disturbed at the end by a fortuitous assassination.

The plot of Igor Gouzenko's *The Fall of a Titan* concerns the uneasy collaboration of Maxim Gorki—called in the novel Mikhael Gorin—with the Soviet régime of which he had been perhaps the most inspired prophet. When Gorin, the 'Conscience' of Revolutionary Russia, proves to be a bad conscience, Feodor Novikov, who has a simple, Myshkin-like brother Nikolai, is set to harness his talents for State propaganda. If the mind of the great writer cannot be attuned to the new morality, he may have to be physically, rather than spiritually, destroyed.

The quality of Mr. Gouzenko's mind, quite apart from his peculiar qualifications as an eyewitness, makes *The Fall of a Titan* a work of major literary as well as historical importance. It bears no relation to the film about Mr. Gouzenko's Canadian adventures. It is timeless rather than topical and transcends propaganda. It brilliantly anatomizes the revolution and its aftermath. In it we meet humanity in all its moods and passions, cruelty and tenderness. It tells a stark and terrible story unsentimentally, not without humour, and with compassion. Unlike the foreign visitors who are led on conducted tours, its readers see the whole of Soviet Russia, from the refugees in the forests to the controllers of destiny in the Kremlin. It takes us not only all round the Soviet world but inside the Soviet mind.

The simplicity of the idiot, of the private and unsophisticated mind, combined with a mystical profundity is characteristic of Russian literature. In *The Fall of a Titan* we find, too, the child-like fervour, so easily turned to fatalism and apathy, or to sterile daydreaming, that is also typically Russian. It is a measure of Mr. Gouzenko's achievement that to compare the Novikov brothers with Ivan and Aliosha Karamazov does not seem absurd. The peculiar Russian-ness of Dostoevsky, as of Chekhov, is a kind of groping. The similar Russian-ness of Gouzenko is a groping not *before* the darkness but in the twilight on the other side. Gouzenko can see now what Dostoevsky and Tolstoy could only guess at and fear. Miraculously a writer has been found to write the sequel to *War and Peace* our generation needed. After reading him, one goes back to his great predecessors with an added understanding.

LUKE PARSONS

In "Politics and Parties" by M. R. D. Foot, the leading review of the September FORTNIGHTLY Library, the opening of the sentence at the end of the first column on page 206 should have read: 'He handles concepts too deftly to resist many temptations to elaborate what he says . . .'—EDITOR.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

After the joy and mystery of Continental cookery, and a between-meals keenness not entirely due to the holiday spirit, the customary enthusiasms reassert their sway. Once more, ponderings on the root of fennel in Italy, and its chopped leaf in France, make glum an inspection of the herb patch in the garden. In the kitchen, rollings of ravioli and oscillations of omelette are again a passionate enterprise, and a new memory—of the coffee in a Lucerne beer hall—induces vestal-like attention to a suddenly romantic percolator.

To Soho to shop

So, like a demonstration of the happier activities of a guardian angel, behold 'Books on the Table' this month is a title that takes on a particular meaning, concerned either directly with eating and drinking or gracefully reminding of these pleasures. The first book is ITALIAN FOOD by Elizabeth David (*Macdonald.* 16*s.*), wherein pink hams, golden coils of *pasta,* dark green artichokes, rose-coloured *scampi,* "the orange and scarlet and brown of *funghi,*" and the whites and creams of cheeses, are spread before the responsive senses as in a Venetian market. A history of Italy's cookery, with its evolution from the days when the need to preserve made everything unbearably salt—and therefore in need of disguise—and its introduction through Catherine de Medici's Florentine cooks to the gastronomically backward French court, prepares the way for its adaptation to the English kitchen, where the traditional 'light hand with pastry' should surely make a good point from which to explore. Of *hors-d'oeuvre* and salads, of soups, of chick peas and *polenta,* of fish and sauces, of poultry, of eggs, of meat and game, of Chianti, Orvieto, Asti and Lacrima Christi, of the repugnant rice which becomes the fabulous *risotto alla Milanese* or *di Frutti di Mare,* there is much to learn. This, therefore, is more than a compilation of recipes with quantity and timing details, valued as these are. It has the sunshine, warmth and enchanted light of Italy caught up in such aromatic waftings that one can hardly refrain from sniffing gratefully around the edge of the gayest of dust-jackets.

The art of living

Only geographically further off is the appeal of the next book MUSINGS OF A CHINESE GOURMET (*Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), for F. T. Cheng wholeheartedly subscribes to the thesis that good cooking is one of the important pleasures of life. "A nation" he says "that produces good food will also produce good music, good painting, and good literature; for all these form integral parts of what is known as 'culture'." Moreover, he affirms that "the fate of nations is often decided at a banquet"—and as a former Ambassador to the Court of St. James he should know. So there is all the wisdom of China in the answers he gives to three questions—Is cooking an art or a science? What is a good cook? and What is good cooking?—mixed with a deal of commonsense. He describes the five schools of thought and practice in what to his ancient people is wholly an art and classifies his dishes into national and international, national and regional, formal and informal. Shark's fin, 'bird's nest', fish lip, turtle skirt, abalone, bean curd, bear's paw (the last these days mostly substituted by buffalo feet), are some of the special delicacies discussed; in contrast, one could wish that the simplicities of tea-making as here set forth should be compulsory study in the hostelries of Mediterranean Europe where all the paraphernalia—of strainer dangling from the pot's spout, muslin bag inside, coloured descriptive tag on handle—in the result justifies a strict adherence to coffee. And from the end of Dr. Cheng's meal we turn in conclusion to its accompaniment, still a little known subject outside China where prohibition was tried and abandoned 3500 years ago, and find "A Talk on Chinese Wine" enlightenment and entertainment too.

Veritas and vino

Both are conspicuous qualities in the writing of H. Warner Allen whose THROUGH THE WINE GLASS (*Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*) is a soberly happy—and happily sober—account of the world he sees beyond, as, he likes to believe, it really is. His scholarly digressions on boredom, tobacco, ideas on *foie gras*, Borrow, snoring, lampreys, the twaddle of Tupper, and the rest, could yet pass a police test on their ability to walk in a straight line back to his main theme. Chapters, like "Wines in the Bible and the Greek Anthology" for example, or "Old Age in Wine and Men", have enhaloed, through the goblet's sparkle, a mellow erudition to engross his readers. To one of them, too, who has so lately passed through the courteous Champagne country and its cellars, the many references to it catch the sparkle of the wine itself.

Hiding the corpse

"'No whiskey for me', said Michael; 'a little of the old still champagne or nothing.'" Believe it or not, the pages of the next book fell open just here in the first handling. Mr. Bernard Darwin's Introduction marvels that there should be people who do not like Michael Finsbury, and a cautious turning of the leaves of THE WRONG BOX, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne (*Oxford University Press.* 5*s.*), by one who was probably too young to judge at the previous reading, helps at all events to stimulate the memory of the body deposited in the stringless interior of the grand piano. The plot and its ingenious complexities were very much the work of R.L.S's 19-year-old stepson, whose short stories seem in retrospect to have been admirable, and a re-perusal of this joint novel might well stimulate "the helpless laughter" promised by Mr. Darwin. At least we can be glad with him that "The World's Classics" have given us the chance to set "out on this hilarious adventure."

Applying the whip

In another re-issue, of JUVENAL'S SATIRES WITH THE SATIRES OF PERSIUS, the William Gifford translation revised and annotated by John Warrington, and newly introduced by H. J. Rose ("Everyman's Library" *J. M. Dent.* 6*s.*), there is more than enough eating and drinking to keep it in countenance with the other books. The poets were born in A.D. 50 and 34 respectively; both scourged luxury, the one out of a poverty-stricken background, the other from surroundings of wealth and good family. The second, so soon to die, has gained in Quintilian's phrase, "much real fame through one book." Juvenal's works make us conclude he lived too long, for their spitefulness and sneerings, understandable perhaps in a sycophant, become tiring to sit through. However, in deploring that

> . . . the Provinces must rise
> And ransack all their coasts for fresh supplies,

he has much about goose liver, truffles, boar and capon, garnishings of asparagus, "the vintage of the Alban hill", mushrooms, apples, and the "spruce carver" who

> Skips like a harlequin from place to place,
> And waves his knife with pantomimic grace,

placating those who "live but for their palate." And, racked with envy, he exclaims:

> But lo! a lordly lobster served in state,
> Stretching enormous o'er the bending plate.

The Hunter

Which reminds us that Dugald Macintyre describes how he caught the "wary ones", five large lobsters, in MEMORIES OF A HIGHLAND GAMEKEEPER (*Seeley, Service.* 15*s.*). Salmon and sea trout are among his other fishing activities, the telling of which must be to the delight of inveterate anglers, those we know who "on holiday simply *must* fish every day." Then there are recollections of impressive occasions, when the Duke of Windsor "only laughed if he missed a stag, but his royal father did not do either," and when the Kaiser and Edward VII were at the grouse butts. The author discourses on how to shoot seals, on red deer and roe shooting, of falconry, of good and bad

tempered hawks, of rabbits, wildfowl, stoats, badgers, otters, eagles and lambs, of pheasants, of bait and of a hundred other pursuits of the open air. Absurd, of course, it is to chide a gamekeeper (with "a veteran's experience of a lifetime" as Eric Parker says in the Foreword) for his emphasis on killing but it is also a timely reminder of the hazards of the hunted, of the price they pay to tempt our appetites.

Jesting American

While in this chastened mood, we reach for our favourite Ogden Nash, who, promptly reinforcing the lesson, warns us as well against excess of admiration for foreign culinary arts. His MANY LONG YEARS AGO (*J. M. Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*) has been compiled from his earlier works, "published in America but not in this country" says the wrapper—although to this devoted reader "The Japanese" now included is an old friend. To newcomers, instead of tearing several holes by quoting little bits in an attempt to show Mr. Nash's quality, here is a part of "Parsley for Vice-President" masochistically extracted:

Well, there is one sin for which a lot of cooks and hostesses are some day going to have to atone,
Which is that they can't bear to cook anything and leave it alone.
No, they see food as something to base a lot of beautiful dreams and romance on,
Which explains lamb chops with pink and blue pants on.
Everything has to be decorated and garnished
So the guests will be amazed and astarnished,
And whatever you get to eat, it's sprinkled with a lot of good old umbelliferous parsley looking as limp and wistful as Lillian Gish,
And it is limpest, and wistfulest, and also thickest, on fish.

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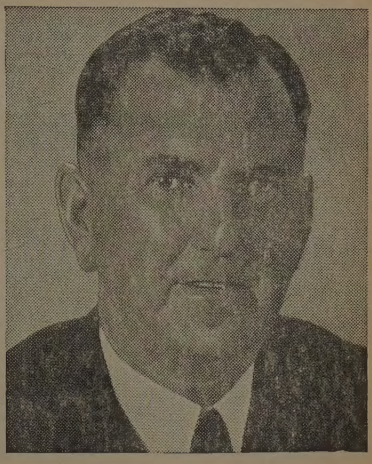

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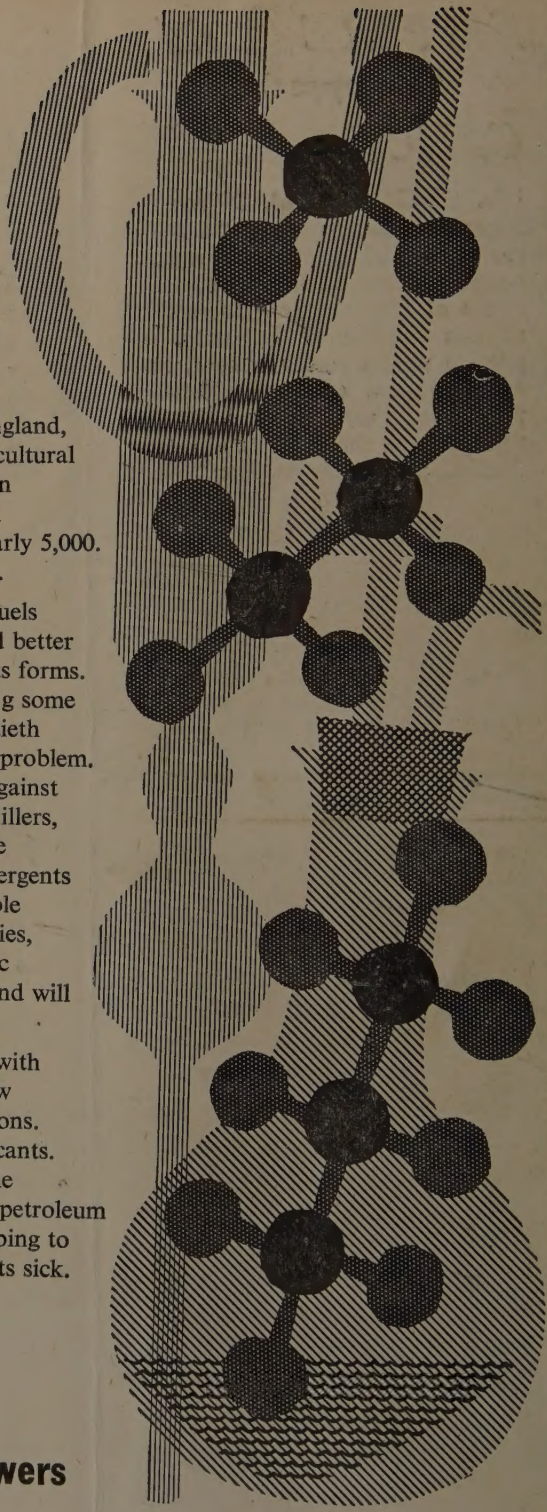

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